THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion Intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure and Enterprize;

For NOVEMBER, 1793.

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Beautifully ornamented with 1. A Picturesque View of HIS MAJESTY'S DOG KENNEL at SWINLEY; 2. An elegant and beautiful Repreſentation of PHEASANT SHOOTING.

LONDON:

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Monthly Promulgation of *Myſtery*, from the communicative Pen of "CLYTUS," (with his occaſional Critiques) will find ready inſertion; we have only to requeſt his favours in time.

BENEDICT's third Eſſay upon the *Comforts* of MATRIMONY, and *Sweets* of CONTENTMENT, are come to hand, and ſhall not be forgotten.

A continuation of Remarks upon the Veterinary College, with the Deaths of M. Sain Bel and Mr. John Hunter, are unavoidably poſtponed till our next.

If M. A. T. will give himſelf the trouble of referring to Pages 7 and 55 of Vol. I. he will find, that moſt of the Articles he has ſent us have made their appearance; but we beg it may not deter him from continuing his friendly Attempts, for the benefit of our Performance.

Were it poſſible for us to adopt every Idea ſuggeſted by our numerous Correſpondents, it would be no more than our wiſhes; our Friend at *Exeter* may, therefore, reſt aſſured his Hint will be taken into conſideration.

Nominations for the *St. Legar Stakes*, at DONCASTER, will form a part of our Racing Calendar next Month; the other Articles favoured by the ſame Correſpondent, will appear in our Liſt of Equeſtrian and Pedeſtrian Performances, according to their Dates.

Signs of the Change of Weather, from the Animal Creation, for the uſe of Anglers, Fox-hunters, and Sportſmen of all denominations, ſhall have early inſertion.

The Natural Hiſtory of the Seal, together with the Mode of Hunting it, ſhall obtain a Place in the next Number.

To remove the anxious Fears of Amicus, we hereby aſſure him, that the Game of Caſſino will be further explained and illuſtrated in our next Publication.

The Salt Water Angler, or the Admiral at Bay, a Satirical Poem, muſt not have admittance into the Sporting Magazine; we entertain hopes that the principal Subject of that Piece, will at length deſerve Laurels inſtead of Laſhes for his Services.

The Natural Hiſtory of a curious Animal called the Nyl Ghau, inhabiting the interior Parts of India, ſhall be attended to as it deſerves.

The Decline and Fall of Pugiliſm, by a *ci-devant* Amateur, is too illiberal to deſerve a Place in our Miſcellany; from a miſtake or two ſworn to have been made by certain Individuals, the Author preſumes to brand a whole Fraternity with infamy; and does not even ſcruple to ſay that Thief and Pugiliſt are ſynonimous Terms.—We cannot encourage ſuch Calumniators.

The Account of the Swaffham Courſing came too late for inſertion this Month, but ſhall appear in the Magazine for December.

Cook sculp

His MAJESTY'S Dog Kennel at ASCOT.

Published by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, Decr. 1. 1793.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For NOVEMBER, 1793.

The KING'S NEW KENNEL,

OF which we now present our readers with an accurate representation, (engraved from a drawing taken on the spot) is situate in the centre of Ascot Heath, just below the hill, about three quarters of a mile north-west of the starting post, and includes in its advantages one of the best situations for the purpose of any in the kingdom. To the excellence and universally admitted superiority of the establishment, every inferior consideration becomes subservient, and the constant superintendance of his MAJESTY contributes to the promised attainment of every perfection. The dwelling-house of JOHNSON, his Majesty's huntsman, constitutes a part of the fabric, and of the *interior parts* of this, his Majesty condescends to make a survey, with the same congenial ease and happy affability, as to such parts of the structure as become more immediately appropriate to puplic purpose. We are well aware, the world in general consider his Majesty's appearance in the field as matter of *convenience* or *necessity*, and adopted only as a PRESERVATIVE of HEALTH, or a PREVENTIVE TO ILL; it becomes the peculiar province, however, of this ARTICLE, to wipe away so ridiculous an idea, and to hold forth the most unequivocal assurance, that there is NO SPORTSMAN in the kingdom who enters more into the minutiæ of the kennel, or the energy of the chase. His Majesty is not only familiar to the names of the leading hounds in the

the pack, but frequently selects them in the kennel, as peculiar objects of attention; and they become highly honoured by caresses that a herd of sycophants are eternally in pursuit of, and the majority probably never obtain. The size of the hounds, the increase of the packs, the diminution of stock, the entering of puppies, or drafting old hounds, are equally and rationally, matters to which his Majesty attends, though by no means DICTATORIALLY; but once *well-informed*, in reply to his enquiries, after making his own observations, he most happily and engagingly submits the final arrangements to those whose official province it is to superintend the execution.

The hounds consist, in fact, of two packs, which pass under the denomination of the "OLD" and the "YOUNG HOUNDS," and are alternately brought into use in the following way:——The great body of old and staunch hounds, are always selected for such deer as are known to be good runners, and constantly produced in the field when his Majesty meets; to these are frequently added three or four couple of young hounds, till the whole have been entered in rotation, and the two packs are, by such gradational introduction, enabled to constitute a kind of consolidation in respect to abilities, for whatever exigencies may ensue or circumstances require. Exclusive of this mode of initiating the young hounds, they have occasionally an intervening day, (generally on a *Thursday*, the fixed days being TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS) when an OLD HIND, is generally carted to a few miles distance, and with he assistance of a couple or two of the old hounds, they are permitted TO RUN FOR BLOOD, and kill *without a check*, in a burst of an hour or hour and a half, constituting a much pleasanter chase for the ENJOYMENT OF SPORT, than when the field is so plentifully impregnated with the predominant effluvia of PALL-MALL *perfumery*, by a juvenile display of court dependents in the royal retinue.

THE THEATRE,
No. I.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF I am not erroneous in the comprehension of the title, you have most judiciously assumed for the distinction of your Work, I feel myself entitled to trouble you occasionally, with what may very properly be included in your menstrual consignments to every part of the kingdom. You seem to make SPORT a *part of* YOUR STUDY, I have long made SPORT the *whole* of my PRACTICE; so far our habits and our inclinations become congenial, and I

("Who love to laugh, tho' care stand frowning by,
"And pale misfortune rolls her meagre eye,")

thus SANS CEREMONIE introduce myself to your acquaintance—ADMISSION OR REJCTION. To Editors of your literary experience and personal observation, it should prove almost superfluous to observe, that there is hardly a situation in life, a building in the universe, that receives so many devotees to SPORT, or so much sanctions the endeavours of all ages—all classes—all distinctions, as the walls of that *benevolent* reservoir,

A THEATRE.

Whether

Whether we advert to the significant *nods*, expressive *winks*, lascivious *gestures*, friendly *intercourses*, and *mutual services* of the GREEN-ROOM, the more retired but more *familiar conversations* of the dressing apartments, and other convenient arrangements in the various departments *behind the curtain*; or the more diffusive offerings at the shrine of LOVE, (the very origin of SPORT) in every architectural compartment of the structure, it becomes the more subservient to the plan you have adopted for general information; and I must with some degree of confidence assert my claim to a monthly portion of your publication for such remarks as may be considered applicable to your general intent, and arise, or may be extracted from so fertile, so happy a soil, and so peculiarly adapted to almost every idea of SPORT and SPORTING that can possibly be derived from a winter residence in the metropolis. I beg, Gentlemen, you will not degrade me in the infancy of our acquaintance, by ranking me with the prostituted critics of the day, those "popping jays," of theatrical disquisition, those fabricators of information who foist their *partial* remarks upon the public, through those sinks of POLITICAL FALSEHOOD, the diurnal prints of *popular distinction*, as may best suit the purpose they wish to promote, or the cause in which they are retained. Be it therefore known *to you* (as I wish it to *your readers*) that mine is the pen of independence, and can never become the servile instrument of prostitution. It may not be inapplicable in this introductory recommendation to your attention for you to be informed, I have been repeatedly an auditor at every theatre in *each* metropolis of the THREE KINGDOMS, and a constant attendant upon the *versatility* of GARRICK, the true *vis comica* of SHUTER, the dignity of MOSSOP, the *mellifluous* tones of BARRY and ROSS, the *monotony* of SMITH, the exhilirating powers of WOODWARD, YATES, and KING, as well as the candid admirer of the long list of *female* cotemporaries who ranked equally high in public estimation. But of these, "as of a gem long lost, think we no more!" It is in the present dearth of theatrical excellence, when *acting* is little more than *mumming*, some consolation to recollect that in the "hey-day of my blood," I have had the honour to experience the most heart-felt and flattering domestication, in breakfasting at the *economical table* of GARRICK, dining at the hospitable board of ROSS, (the celebrated FANNY MURRAY, then Mrs. Ross, presiding) and literally, though reluctantly, *getting drunk* with SHUTER over his own *claret*. However *singular* my *domestications*, or *friendly connections*, may have been with the more *delicate* branches of the THESPIAN CORPS, is by no means necessary to the establishment of my present purpose; which is only to elucidate the subject with such authenticity as may justify you in the insertion of what *now* or *hereafter* may be submitted to you under this head.

Long indulging in a scene of rustic rumination, (equally strange to new pieces, new performers, and *new coined* CRITICS) I once more emerge from a voluntary oblivion, and sally forth a complete subject of RENOVATION. But whether I turn my inquisitive eye to THE TURF, THE STAGE, or the GAMING-TABLE, still the same sterility of

VETERASN

VETERANS, (or old acquaintance) is perceptible, and those few remaining meet me with a general and invariable exclamation of "Ah! what are you alive?"—This at any rate proves, that by my rustication and salutary abdication of nocturnal pursuits, (of mis-termed pleasure round the garden), I have now in HEALTH and HILARITY *two to one the best of it*. Happily possessed of the same spirits, the same agility and bodily exertions as twenty years since, (when the *hundreds of Drury* were in their greatest glory, and good old SIR JOHN FIELDING patronized the *chastity* of the spot), chance and the luxuriant description of theatrical excellencies, so curiously depicted in the *daily journals of fiction*, seated me in Covent Garden theatre before I had hardly determined upon the precise point of peregrination. For the investigation of the abilities of each performer, I felt myself so little prepared, that I had not even accommodated myself with a bill of the play, but was absolutely under the necessity of purchasing from one of those *neat* and *pretty* conveniences, the *female* venders of *sweets*, (vulgarly denominated ORANGE GIRLS) what I found it impossible *longer to do without*. The Beggar's Opera, "I previously saw it was, but *no sooner saw it*, than with HAMLET, I petulantly exclaimed, "They fool me to the top of my bent!"—So much for newspaper critics.—"Seing what *I have seen*, seeing what *I see*." To Mr. INCLEDON, "I am alike *unknowing* and *unknown*," but in "The charge is prepared," as well as in *every air* and *every minutiæ* of the whole, it was impossible not to feel the vibration of unkind retrospection, and obey the impulsive influence that involuntary bursts forth in a sentimental rank of, "What a falling off was there!" from what sir? (enquired a very genteel character placed near me in a remote corner where I had snugly deposited my[illegible] from every inquisitive eye of indigent application,)—"From WEBSTER, sir."—"Those who have *seen* him, those who have *heard him*, can well remember with what a torrent of sympathy he *sounded* his AUDITORS from "the lowest note to the top of the compass." To animadvert upon the inaccuracies of the performance in its present state, or to compare it with the striking effects of former representations, would require more room and greater length of time then perhaps I am inclined to give or you to bestow. Suffice it to say, the emphatical words of various passages (particularly in the songs) are evidently prostituted to render them subservient to the compass of Mr. INCLEDON's voice, which is but ill-adapted to the required abilities, after the great variety of admirable performers who have displayed their excellence in the part to so much advantage, and with such distinguished applause. One instance of the effect of this mistaken emphasis, must be intoduced as a specimen for the whole; where "this way at once I please all MY wives," is so truly discordant, that had he an equal ear to LANGUAGE, as he has to MUSIC, he never could have made MY the emphatical word, unless there had been the "*wives*" of some other person or persons spoken of in the passage alluded to. Upon this I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, in such representations as become subject to my occasional inspection and subsequent lucubrations. But

little

little attached to the productions passing under the appellation of "new pieces," (I mean the *fertile* effect of the last twenty years.) Nothing transpired in the course of an accurate attention to the performance of "Barnaby Brittle," to alter my opinion, but rather to confirm and substantiate my prejudice; nor can I conceive how an enlightened audience of a still more enlightened people, could ever permit a repetition of such complication of *inconsistency*, *improbability*, and *want of effect*, without POINT, PLOT, or WIT, upon the English stage; which at the period before described, seemed rapidly attaining the summit of perfection, but has now every appearance of temporary debility. Should this explanatory prelude to future investigation be thought worthy insertion, you may rely upon a Monthly Monitor of dispassionate facts, occasionally interspersed with the SPORTING adventures of *many characters* high in the THEATRICAL WORLD, as well as in their *own opinions* and the estimation of THE PUBLIC.

Your's,

Clytus.

Nov. 17, 1793.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

PERMIT me to return my thanks, as an individual, to your merry correspondent, "Rigdum Funnidos," for his facetious remarks (in your last) upon the progressive rapidity of VETERINARY disquisition, and farther to acknowledge, that under the auspices of opulent protection and respectable support, I can perceive no branch of MEDICAL, CHIRURGIC, or OBSTETRIC science, that will be enabled, in public estimation or appearance, to vie with its PROFESSORS. The case, gentlemen, is almost too palpable for explanation, and what "Rigdum" sees only in the *fertility* of his *imagination*, is the effect of an incontrovertible fact. A singular degree of *odium*, or *indignity*, has been for time immemorial annexed to the medical superintendance of cattle, either in the *honourable* appellation of an "HORSE DOCTOR," or the more dignified character of "COW LEECH." These degrading distinctions are at length in gradational obliteration, and what has been hitherto considered derogatory to the attainment of literary acquisition, is now becoming worthy the attentive investigation and study of the most accomplished inquisitants. Although too deficient in ability and personal eminence to be ranked in this class, it affords no inconsiderable degree of gratification, that I rank precisely where the ingenuity of "Funnidos" has judiciously placed me. A deserter from the narrow and confined practice of hypocritical PHYSICIANS, necessitous *pharmacopolists*, and the fluctuating favors of capricious individuals, to expand in the more enlivening sun of public opinion and personal independence. It is not to be denied but the MEDICAL, CHIRURGIC, and OBSTETRIC arts boast, and with strict truth, the undisputed eminence of their distinct professors; but I, (who rise superior to vulgar rules, and the farce of custom) confess myself of *the whole*, or *either class*, no longer than I can render myself the INSTRUMENT OF EASE to *any* and *every part* of the CREATION.

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It adds little to my pride, that I have been a practitioner in PHYSIC, SURGERY, and MIDWIFERY, with many of the most respectable families for fifteen years; but I consider it no small gratification of ambition, that I have surpassed the *dignified* few in UTILITY, by having alternately dressed a PEERESS'S *finger* and a HORSE'S *heel* in the same day, for many in succession, and derived a much greater emolument from *the one* than *the other*. This becomes matter of easy and authentic elucidation, by drawing a concise line of comparison between the differences of the practice. If *a wife*, or any inferior part of the family is the subject of attack, every *nostrum* becomes subservient to the rack of invention before medical assistance must be called in, so very dreadful is the idea of expence attendant upon relief from the faculty. *Rhubarb*, *jalap*, *senna*, *mithridate*, *Venice treacle*, and JAMES'S POWDERS are all brought into use, that the expensive presence may be evaded; but should INFLAMMATORY FEVER, FLATULENT CHOLIC, or CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, set at defiance all these interpositions of economy, and the DOCTOR is cited to appear, what is the issue? he is then under the necessity of obscuring THE TRUTH, to promote his *own interest*, of making *right* appear *wrong*, and *wrong*, *right*, to excite apprehensions of *danger* in his PATIENT, and lastly, after holding forth half an hour in an unintelligible jargon of technical abstrusity, he has the consolation of dispatching *four sudorific draughts*, *a saline mixture*, and *an almond emulsion*, all equally harmless, amounting probably to the enormous aggregate of *half a guinea*, while in VETERINARIAN PRACTICE, a *favourite horse* is no sooner attacked with disease, bearing the least implication of *danger*, than any sum is cheerfully appropriated to the purpose of extrication, without reference to *enormity of expence*, or the least fear of, or allusion to, *medical imposition*.

Your's,

ALDIBIRONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO.

Nov. 26, 1793.

The CHASE *of the* MOUFLON, *including its Natural History.*

THE Mouflon or Musman has been classed both of the sheep and the goat kind; and may be considered as standing in a middle place, and forming the link between them: for it is observable that nature, in all her variations, proceeds by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, hardly forming a distinguishing line between any two races of animals which are essentially different, though, in many respects, nearly allied to each other.

In all transitions from one kind to the other, a middle race is to be found, which seems to partake of the nature of both, and cannot be precisely referred to either. It is difficult, for example, to discover where the sheep kind ends, and the goat begins. The Mouflon, therefore, which is neither sheep nor goat, has a strong affinity to both: though covered with hair, it bears a strong similitude to the ram; its eyes are placed near the horns, and its ears are shorter than those of the goat; its horns resemble those of the ram in being yellow and of a triangular shape: they also bend backward behind the ears: in some they grow to an amazing size, measuring about two yards in length.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MAN-

MANNER *of* HUNTING *the* CHAMOIS-GOAT.

THE chamois, though a wild animal, is very easily made tame and docile. It is to be found only in rocky and mountainous places, and is about the size of the domestic goat, which it in many respects resembles. It is most agreeably lively, and active beyond expression. The hair is short, like that of the doe, and of an ash-colour in spring: in autumn, it is dun, inclining to black; and in winter of a blackish brown. This animal is found, in great plenty, on the mountains of Dauphiny, Piedmont, Savoy, Switzerland, and Germany.

The chamois has hardly any cry; it has a kind of feeble bleat, by which the parent calls its young; but in cases of danger, and when it is to warm the rest of the flock, it uses a hissing noise, which is heard at a great distance: for it is to be observed, that this creature is very vigilant, and has an eye remarkably quick and piercing: its smell also is equally distinguishing. When it sees its enemy distinctly, it stops for a moment, and then, if the person is near, it in an instant flies off. In the same manner, by its smell, it can discover a man at the distance of half a league, and gives the earliest notice. Upon any alarm, therefore, or any apprehension of danger, the chamois begins his hissing note with such vehemence, that the sound is re-echoed by the rocks and forests. The hiss continues as long as the time of one respiration: in the beginning, it is very sharp, and deeper towards the conclusion. The animal having, after this first alarm, reposed a moment, again looks round; and, perceiving the propriety of its fears, continues to hiss, by intervals, till it has spread the alarm to a very great distance. During this time, it seems in the most violent agitation: it strikes the ground with one fore-foot, and sometimes with both: it bounds from rock to rock, turns, and looks round, runs to the edge of the precipice, and, still perceiving the enemy, flies with all its speed. The hissing of the male is much louder and sharper than that of the female: it is performed through the nose, and is properly no more than a very strong breath drawn violently through a small aperture.

To hunt the chamois is a laborious business, and as difficult as it is laborious. The most common method is to shoot them from behind the clefts of the rocks. Some pursue them as they do the stag, by placing proper persons at all the passages of a glade or valley, and then sending in others to rouse the game. Dogs are useless in this chase, as they rather alarm than overtake. Nor is it without danger even to the men; for it often happens that, when the animal finds itself over pressed, it drives at the hunter with its head, and frequently tumbles him down an adjoining precipice. The chamois cannot go upon ice, when smooth; but if there are the least inequalities on its surface, it then bounds along in security, and quickly evades pursuit.

These animals are naturally very gentle, and live in society with each other: they are found in flocks of from four to fourscore, and even an hundred, dispersed upon the crags of the mountains. The large males are seen feeding, detached from the rest; except in rutting-time, when they approach the females, and

and drive away the young. The time of their coupling is from the beginning of October to the end of November; and they bring forth in March or April. The young keep with the dam for about five months, and sometimes longer, if they are not separated by the wolves and hunters. It is asserted, that they live between twenty and thirty years. Their flesh is good food, and they yield ten or twelve pounds of suet, which far surpasses that of the goat in hardness and goodness.

The chamois feeds upon the best herbage, and chooses the most delicate parts of the flowers, plants, and tender buds. It is not less delicate with regard to several aromatic herbs, which grow upon the sides of the mountains. It drinks but little whilst it feeds upon the succulent herbage, and chews the cud in the intervals of feeding.

This animal is much admired for the beauty of its eyes, which are round and sparkling, and mark the warmth of its constitution. Its head is furnished with two small horns of about half a foot in length, of a beautiful black, rising from the forehead almost between the eyes: these, contrary to those on almost all other animals, instead of going backwards or sidewards, stand forward, and bend a little backward at their extremities, ending in a very sharp point. The ears are placed in a very elegant manner, near the horns; and there are two stripes of black on each side of the face, the rest being of a whitish yellow, which never changes. The horns of the female are smaller, and less bent.

These animals are so much incommoded by heat, that they are not to be found in summer, except in the caverns of rocks, amidst fragments of unmelted ice, under the shade of high-spreading trees, or of rough and hanging precipices which face the north, and shield them from the rays of the sun. In the morning and evening they go to pasture, but seldom during the heat of the day. They run along the rocks with seeming ease and indifference, and jump from one to another; they cannot therefore be pursued by dogs. Nothing can be more extraordinary than the facility with which they climb and descend precipices, which to all other quadrupeds are inaccessible: they also mount or descend in an oblique direction, throw themselves down a rock of thirty feet, and fix with great security upon some excrescence or fragment on the side of the precipice, which is just large enough to place their feet upon: they strike the rock however, in their descent, with their feet, three or four times, to stop the velocity of their motion; and when they have got upon the base below, they at once appear secure and fixed.

Anecdotes *of* Skilful Archers.

NATIONS, as well as men, have been famous in antiquity, for their skill in the management of the bow. The Cretan archers were early employed by the Greeks, and were much valued by that people. The Persians were celebrated in all ancient histories, and appear to have been very expert; trusting as much to their arrows, as their swords. The Parthians were remarkable for their dexterity in shooting behind them, on an enemy pressing upon the rear, and whilst their horses were in full speed. This art, however,

was

was by no means peculiar to the Parthians, as the Scythians and Sarmatians are reported to have ſhot in the ſame attitude. Speaking of the Scythians, or Tartars, Manderville ſays, "Men of that country ben alle gode archeres, and ſhooten rigure welle, bothe men and women, als well on hors bak, pry kinge, as on fote, renninge*." The inhabitants of India, and thoſe bordering on that country, were all characterized of old, as ſkilful archers.

The Greeks and Romans are not to be mentioned among thoſe nations excelling in archery, as they preferred the cloſe attack, diſdaining the bow, as tedious and uncertain. The Roman, inflamed with the hopes of ſignalizing himſelf by acts of perſonal bravery, ſtood with impatience while the enemy were beyond his graſp: nor could he but deſpiſe that diſtant encounter, wherein the ſkill of every one was compleatly obſcured. He choſe the cloſer combat: his javelin flew with unerring aim: his ſword ſtruck irreſiſtible, while his firm, though battered ſhield, glanced every well-directed weapon aſide.

But though the legions of the Roman ſtate were unaccuſtomed to the uſe of the bow, archery was nevertheleſs cultivated by many private individuals. The Circus was often the ſcene where feats of this kind were exhibited; and even emperors themſelves were actors. Domitian and Commodus have been particularly celebrated for their matchleſs excellence in managing the bow. It is reported of Domitian, that he would often place boys in the circuits at ſome diſtance from him, and as they held out their hands, and ſeparated their fingers, he would ſhoot an arrow through either ſpace, without injury to the extended hand*.

The feats recorded of Commodus are numerous; and he appears to have been one of the moſt expert archers which hiſtory has made mention of.

It is ſaid by Herodian†, that his hand was unerring both with the javelin and the bow; and that the moſt experienced Parthian archers yielded to his ſuperior ſkill. He would kill all kinds of animals in the amphitheatre by way of exerciſe, and to ſhew the ſteadineſs of his arm: but, in theſe caſes, he choſe rather to diſplay his art, than his courage, as he ſecured himſelf on a place elevated beyond the reach of any attack which might have happened from his opponents. Stags, lions, panthers, and every ſpecies of beaſts, fell without number by his hand; nor was a ſecond arrow neceſſary, for every wound proved mortal.

He would ſtrike an animal in any particular point he wiſhed, with the greateſt accuracy, in the head, or in the heart.

A panther was ſometimes let looſe in the circus, where a criminal was placed; and juſt as the animal was going to ſeize the culprit, he would drive an arrow ſo opportunely, that the man would eſcape unhurt. An hundred lions have been introduced at the ſame time upon the arena, and with an hundred ſhafts he would lay them lifeleſs.

He cauſed arrows to be made with heads curved in a ſemicircular form, and with theſe he could cut off the neck of an oſtrich running in full ſpeed.

* *Mand. Tr.* p. 301.

* *Suetonius, Vita Domitian.* † Lib. I. 15.

Con-

Constantius was much skilled in the practice of archery, and is said to have studied that art in his youth, under the direction of a preceptor. The emperors Julian and Gratian are characterized as expert archers: the latter proposed to himself the actions of Commodus as examples, and, like him, frequently exhibited to the public, the adroitness with which he could kill animals, running together in an inclosed place, by his arrows*.

An anecdote recorded of a person, whose name was After, has immortalized him as one of the most expert of archers. He was so skilful with his bow, that when he saw Philip of Macedon among his troops, he wrote upon an arrow, which he intended to shoot at that Monarch. "After sends Philip a deadly arrow;" and having discharged it, struck the right eye of Philip; the wound, indeed, was not mortal, but it deprived him of sight on that side.

A very extraordinary, and perhaps, in war, one of the most useful archers, is spoken of by Zosimus, in his account of the battle between Constantius and Magentius, at Mursa. This soldier, whose name was Menelaus, could shoot three arrows from his bow at one discharge, and with them strike three different persons. By this skilful expedient, says the historian, he killed a great number of those who opposed him; and the enemy, it might almost be said, were defeated by a single archer. Unfortunately, however, this valuable man at last fell by the hand of Romulus, a general of the army of Magentius, whom he at first wounded by an arrow†.

* *Ammianus Marcellanus, lib.* 31, *cb.* 10, *p.* 491.

† *Zozimus, lib.* 2, *p.* 132. Oxford Edit. Octavo.

The story of William Tell, now supposed to stand upon very slender historical authority, is too well known to require a repetition.

Quintus Curtius relates, that Bessus having been condemned to death, and crucified for the murder of Darius, his body was ordered to be guarded while it was on the cross, lest the birds should molest it. The office was committed to one Catenus, who was so excellent an ancher, that he could hit those animals with his arrows. It appears probable, indeed, that birds formerly were often killed by arrows, as intimated by several authors. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that some of the Ethiopian nations were so adroit, that they subsisted entirely on the birds which they shot with their bow.

(To be continued in our next.)

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the amusements in which the *bow* has borne a part, we shall find nothing more extraordinary than the following extract from Plot's History of Staffordshire; and, as you have favoured your readers with many curious articles on the subject of archery, I am not without hopes that you will find a place for it in your interesting Miscellany:—

"At Abbots, or now rather Paget's Bromley, they had also within memory, a sort of sport, which they celebrated at Christmas, (in New-year, or Twelfth-day) called the *hobby-horse dance*, from a person that carried the image of an horse between his legs, made of thin boards, and in his

his hand a *bow* and *arrow*, which passing through a hole in the bow, and stopping upon a *shoulder* it had in it, he made a snapping noise as he drew it to and fro, keeping time with the music; with this man danced six others, carrying on their shoulders as many *rein-deer's heads*, three of them painted white, and three red, with the arms of the chief families, (viz. Paget, Bagot, and Wells) to whom the revenues of the town chiefly belonged, depicted on the palms of them, with which they danced the hays, and other country dances. To this hobby-horse dance, there also belonged a pot, which was kept by turns, by four or five of the chief of the town, whom they called Reeves, who provided *cakes and ale* to be put in this *pot*: all people who had any kindness for the good intent of the institution of the *sport*, giving hence a price for themselves and families, and to *foreigners* too, that came to see it: with which money, (the charge of the cakes and ale being defrayed) they not only repaired their church, but kept their poor too: which *charges* are not now, perhaps, so cherefully borne." PLOT's *Hist. of Staffordshire*, p. 430.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

The PROPORTIONS *of* POWDER *and* SHOT *in the* CHARGE.

TO find the charge that gives the longest range, in fowling pieces of different dimensions, must be allowed to be a discovery of infinite importance to every sportsman; and as it seems to be an opinion pretty generally received and established, that every barrel has a *particular* load, (not a measure, estimated by any rules to be drawn from a comparison made between the proportions of the caliber and the length of the barrel) with which it will shoot with great certainty and effect; it cannot be doubted that he will make some experiments with his own barrels, in order to attain this end.

Before we proceed, therefore, to lay down a few general rules for loading fowling-pieces of different dimensions, we beg leave to engraft an excellent principle, in the practice of the artillery on this point, upon the shooting science. It is asserted that, by using small charges at first, and increasing the quantity of powder by degrees, the ranges will increase to a certain point; after which, if the charge be augmented, they will progressively diminish; though the recoil will still continue in the ratio of the increase of the charge. This is a consequence that may be deduced from a variety of experiments, and is perfectly agreeable to the principles of mechanics; since the recoil and the range ought to be in the reciprocal ratio of the gun and the shot, making allowance for the resistance which these bodies meet with.

For a fowling-piece of a common caliber, which is from twenty-four to thirty balls to the pound weight; a dram and a quarter, or, at most, a dram and a half, of good powder; and an ounce, or an ounce and a quarter, of shot, is sufficient. But when shot of a larger size is used, such as number five, the charge of the shot may be increased one fourth, for the purpose of counter-balancing, in some degree, what the size of the shot loses in the number of pellets, and also to enable it

it to garnish the more: for this purpose, the sportsman will find a measure, marked with the proper gages, very convenient to him. An instrument of this nature has been made by an ingenious artist of this town—Egg, of the Hay-market.

Different opinions, however, are entertained on the proportions of the charge: some determine the charge of a fowling-piece by the weight of the ball of the exact size of the caliber; estimating the weight of the powder at one third of that of the ball, whether it is proposed to shoot with ball or with shot; and the weight of the shot they estimate at a moiety more, or, at the most, at double the weight of the ball. This calculation comes pretty near to the proportions we have just laid down, except in the difference of size between the calibers twenty-four and thirty; which, notwithstanding, is not sufficiently great in the two cases, to require a gradation in the weight of the charge.

Others, again, lay down as a rule for the charge of powder, a measure of the same diameter as the barrel; and double that diameter in depth: and for the shot, a measure of the like diameter, but one third less in depth than for the powder. This also agrees tolerably well with the proportions we have mentioned, at least for the powder, but the measure of shot seems to be too small.

In shooting ball with a rifle piece, some persons proportion the quantity of powder, to three times the quantity which the mould of the ball, adapted to the piece, will contain.

Although proverbs are generally true, or at least possess some portion of truth; yet nothing is so glaringly absurd, or less founded in rational principles, than that old adage, "Sparing of powder, and liberal of shot."—A saying which is not only in the acquaintance, but in the constant practice of most sportsmen.

As a consequence of overloading with shot, the powder has not sufficient strength to throw it to its proper distance; for if the object fired at be distant, one half of the pellets composing the charge, by their too great quantity and weight, will strike against each other, and fall by the way; and those which reach the mark, will have small force, and will produce but little or no effect. Thus to overload is the strange fancy of poachers, who imagine they cannot kill unless they put two ounces, or more, of large shot into their pieces. It is true, that they destroy a great quantity of game, but then it is not fairly shot. Such men are in some measure punished, by the severe strokes they receive on the shoulders and cheeks, in consequence of the excessive recoil.
—*Essay on Shooting.*

*** *The following Extract from that very ingenious and witty Performance,* G. GAMBADO'S Academy for Grown Horsemen, *it is hoped, will be highly gratifying to our Readers.*

INSTRUCTIONS *for those who wish to* PURCHASE *a* HORSE.

IT is a melancholy truth, that our breed of horses is terribly degenerated, but indeed the national taste is fallen off proportionably; nothing now is to be seen but bred horses; every apprentice must bestride a bit of blood. A bit of blood! and well may

may they be termed so, for neither flesh nor bone have they to boast of.

* * * * * * * * *

There is indeed one breed of horses still extant, which might, and indeed ought to be brought into more play. I mean what is vulgarly called the dray-horse. This, I profess, is a noble animal, and admirably calculated to make a figure either on the road, or in the field. Scarce one of them but is master of thirty stone, or upwards. What a sublime scene would it be, to see fourscore or a hundred of these animals on the full stretch over a piece of wheat, to catch sight of a hound. It would require the pen of Homer to describe such a spectacle.

On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakness of our horses! The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you, at the sight of a pocket-handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose; whereas mount one of these, and the world cannot alter your route:—Meet a higler's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap dash against it.

* * * * * As a purchaser, it is immaterial whether you go to Tattersall's, or Aldridge's, to Meynell's hunt, or his Majesty's, it is probable you will be taken in wherever you go. * * * * *

To define a perfect horse is nearly impossible, and to tell you where to buy one, completely so. However, I shall endeavour to describe such outward beauties and active qualifications, as are requisite to the composition of one; and should such a phœnix fall in your way (and the taste of these times are so vilely perverted, I believe you have a better chance at present than you would have had some years back) I hope you will not let him slip through your fingers.

* * * * * * * * *

The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the sensation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding of a horse of a contrary make, is like swarming the bannisters of a stair-case, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

The less he lifts his fore legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

* * * * * *

A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one) is to be preferred; as, in the night, although you may ride against what you please yourself, no one will ride against you.

His nose cannot project too much from his neck, for by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

A horse's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious rider steers his course, by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now-a-days, in a dusky evening

evening the rider might wander the lord knows where.

* * * * * * * * *

I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me, very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed as much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has, is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman chusing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him: be well satisfied with his method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a "Wohey;" and, after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see: and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear? I flatter myself I have proved as clear as day, that eyes are of little consequence; and as I am, no doubt, the first author that has made it known, my readers, if they lose no time, may mount themselves at Aldridge's, or the Rhedarium, as well, and for half the money they would have done, before I let them into this secret.

Be sure to buy a broken-knee'd horse, whenever he falls in your way: the best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day or another; whereas one that has fallen, (and scarified himself pretty much) never will again if he can help it.

Spavins, splints, corns, mallenders, sallenders, &c. &c. being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of these little infirmities in your stable, is always a subject of conversation, and you may, perhaps, now and then want one; it will likewise justify you to your lady, in embellishing your book-case with Bracken, Gibson, Bartlett, and Griffiths; excellent authors in their way, and extremely useful! for you will have no occasion to be sending for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourself how to make up a good stout and effectual dose of physic for your wife or servants, in the gooseberry season, and at the fall of the leaf.

I would recommend a long tail, if it is to be had for love or money; if that is not to be got, buy a horse with a rat tail, if possible: though inferior in point of convenience to the former, there is a *je ne scai quoi* of comicality about it, that inclines us to merriment whenever it makes its appearance. There is one inconvenience attending long tails in summer (when the poor animals have most need of them); and that is, horses full of grass are very subject to scourings; in this case ride your horse with his tail in a bag, or else he may annoy you.

* * * * * * * * *

Having described for my reader a horse, and I hope he likes him, I would fain form as complete a horseman, and having so done, my ambition would be gratified, my end answered, and I would never ride again myself, as long as I lived.

*** Mr. Gambado's idea in the last paragraph will induce us in a future Number, to give his di-

rections for the formation of a rider for such a horse he has described, which, we doubt not, will be equally *instructive*, as well as entertaining to our readers.

PROGNOSTICS *of the* WEATHER, *from the* SUN, MOON, STARS, *and* SKY.

For the Use of Sportsmen, &c.

WHEN there is a haziness aloft in the air, so that the sun's light fades by degrees, and his orb looks whitish and ill-defined, it is one of the most certain signs of rain.

If the moon and stars grow dim in the night, with the like haziness in the air, and a ring appears round the moon, rain will be the consequence.

If the rays of the sun breaking through the clouds are visible in the air, and appear like those horns of irradiation which painters usually place on the head of Moses, the air is sensibly filled with vapours, which reflect the rays to the sight, and these vapours will soon produce rain.

If the sun appears white at his setting, or shorn of his rays, or goes down into a bank of clouds which lie in the horizon; all these are signs of approaching or continuing bad weather.

If the moon looks pale and dim, we are to expect rain; if red, it is a sign of wind; and if white, and of her own natural colour, the sky is clear, and it will be fair weather; according to the poetical adage, *Pallida luna pluit, rubicunda flat, alba serenat.*

If the moon is rainy throughout her course, it will clear up the ensuing change, and the rain will probably begin again in a few days after: if, on the contrary, the moon has been fair throughout, and it rains at the change, the fair weather will probably be restored about the fourth or fifth day of the moon, and continue as before. As in *Virg. Georg.* 1, 432, thus translated by Dryden:

> But four nights old, (for that's the surest
> sign,)
> With sharpened horns, if glorious then she
> shine;
> Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
> 'Till her revolving race be wholly run,
> Are void of tempests.——
>
> DRYDEN.

If those vapours, which the heat of the day raises from the earth, are precipitated by the cold air of the night, then the *sky* is clear in the morning; but if this does not happen, and they remain still in the air, the light of the morning will be coloured as it was in the evening, and rain will be the consequence.

There is generally either a strong dew, or a mist over the ground, between a red evening and a grey morning; but if a red morning succeeds, there is no dew.

It is a bad symptom when a lowering redness is spread too far upwards from the horizon, either in the morning, or in the evening; it is succeeded either by rain or wind, and frequently by both.

When such a fiery redness, together with a raggedness of the clouds, extends towards the zenith in an evening, the wind will be high from the west or south-west, attended with rain, sometimes with a flood: before the dreadful hurricane of 1780, at Barbadoes, and the other West-Indian Islands, a redness like fire was observed all over the sky. When the sky in a rainy season is tinged with a sea-green colour near the horizon, when it ought

to be blue, the rain will continue and increaſe: if it is of a deep dead blue, it is abundantly loaded with vapours, and the weather will be ſhowery.

If the ſun riſe red and fiery, wind and rain may be expected.

If cloudy, and the clouds ſoon decreaſe, fair weather will certainly enſue.

Theſe two rules may be extended to all the heavenly bodies; for as their rays paſs through the atmoſphere, the vapours in the air have the ſame effect on each.

When the ſportſman, therefore, ſees the ſun or moon riſe or ſet red and fiery, or ſees the clouds and horizon of that colour, he may expect wind and rain, owing to the unequal diſtribution of the vapours, or to their being already collected into watery globules by ſome preceding cauſe.

But if, according to the *ſecond* rule, the ſun riſes *cloudy*, and the clouds ſoon decreaſe, the vapours are more equally diſtributed in the atmoſphere; which equal diſtribution is alſo promoted by the warmth of the riſing ſun. Hence we may account for an obſervation adopted in all languages—

> The evening *red*, the morning *grey*,
> Is a ſign of a *fair day*.

For if the abundance of vapour denoted by the red evening ſky, falls down in dew, or is otherwiſe ſo equally diſperſed in the air that the morning ſhall appear *grey*, we may promiſe ourſelves a *fair day*, from that equal ſtate of the atmoſphere.

If in the morning ſome parts of the ſky appear *green* between the clouds, while the ſky is *blue* above, ſtormy weather is at hand.

The great Lord Bacon has given us the following rules to judge of the enſuing weather, from the firſt appearance of the moon, and it has been often aſſerted that theſe rules have never been known to fail:—

If the *new moon* does not appear till the fourth day, it prognoſticates a *troubled air* for the whole month.

If the *moon*, either at her firſt appearance, or within a few days after, has her *lower* horn obſcured, or duſky, or any ways ſullied, it denotes *foul weather* before the full, but if ſhe be diſcoloured in the *middle*, *ſtorms* are to be expected about the full, or about the wane, if the *upper* horn is affected in like manner.

When the *moon*, on her fourth day, appears fine and ſpotleſs, her horns unblunted, and neither flat nor quite erect, but betwixt both, it promiſes *fair* weather for the greateſt part of the month.

An *erect moon* is generally threatening and unfavourable, but particularly denotes *wind*; though if ſhe appear with ſhort and blunted horns, rain is rather expected.

HUNTING *the* SCYTHIAN ANTELOPE.

THE form of the body of this animal reſembles the domeſtic goat, but its horns are thoſe of an antelope, marked by very prominent rings, with furrows between: they are about a foot in length, and ſmooth at the end: their colour, a pale yellow, almoſt tranſparent. The male, during winter, is covered with long rough hair, like that of the he-goat, and has a ſtrong ſcent: the female is ſmoother, and without horns. The general colour is grey, mixed with yellow, with the under part of the body white.

They

They inhabit Poland, Moldavia, about Mount Caucasus, the Caspian Sea, and Siberia; they are fond of salt, and frequent the places where salt-springs abound.—Towards the latter end of autumn, which is the rutting season, flocks of them, consisting of several thousands, emigrate towards the south; and in the spring return, in smaller quantities, to the great northern deserts; where the females bring forth and rear their young.

The males, the females, and their young, generally feed together; and, when some of them are resting, others, by an instinctive kind of caution, are always keeping watch: these again are regularly relieved; and thus alternately they rest and watch; frequently preserving themselves, by this wary conduct, from the attacks of men and beasts.

A kind of trot is their usual pace, but, when they exert their speed, they bound like the roe, and exceed it in fleetness. They are such timid animals, that they often suffer themselves to be taken through fear; and, if once bitten by a dog, instantly fall down, and submit to their fate without an effort to escape. When taken young, they are tamed without difficulty; but old ones are so wild and obstinate, as to refuse all food, whilst they continue in a state of captivity.

They are hunted for the sake of their flesh, their horns, and skins. The huntsman is extremely cautious in approaching a herd of these creatures, lest they should discover him by the excellency of their smell. They are sometimes shot, sometimes taken by dogs, and sometimes by the black eagle, which is regularly trained for the purpose. In running, they seem to incline to one side; and their motion is so rapid, that their feet seem hardly to touch the ground they are tripping over.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you profess a readiness to insert any communications in the sporting line, and as I conceive the under-mentioned adapted to your Magazine, I have sent it you:—

Being hunting, at Wick, near Worcester, the last week in August, I saw a bitch setting; I came up and threw my hat in, and no birds rising, I walked about before her, and in so doing I trod on a young hare, which I supposed to be about a month old, and unfortunately broke its thigh, which obliged me to kill it. On looking round, about two yards further, I saw two more; I then drew the bitch away, and pursued my beat, having first laid a bit of blue paper on the stubble, as I intended to call there in my way home.—Dining at a gentleman's near the spot, (and whose ground it was) I mentioned the circumstance, and after dinner, his son went with me to the place, where the two remaining ones still were. I returned with him to tea, and in my way home (being about sun set) I visited the stubble again, when they were moved, and on looking about, I discovered them a few yards off, together with the old hare, who was laid down suckling them. As soon as she espied me, she got up, took one of the young ones in her mouth, and ran with it into a hedge about fifteen yards off, where she depo-

sited

ſited it, and returned (ſcreaming all the while) for the other; but my bitch, which I had got in a ſtring, beginning to be unruly at the ſight of her, I was obliged to draw off, and leave her to take the remaining young one off quietly. As I never knew, or heard of an inſtance of a hare carrying its young in its mouth before, I thought the information would not be unacceptable to you.

I am, &c.

I. B.

Worceſter,
October 31ſt, 1793.

To ANGLE *for* PEARCH.

THE pearch is bow-backed like a hog, armed with ſtiff briſtles, and his ſides with dry thick ſcales. He is a very bold biter, as appears by his daring to venture upon one of his own kind, with more courage than even the ravenous luce. He ſeldom grows above two feet long, ſpawns once a year in February or March, and bites beſt in the latter part of the ſpring. His haunts are chiefly in the ſtreams, not very deep, under hollow banks, a gravelly bottom, and at the turning of an eddy.

If the weather is cool and cloudy, and the water a little ruffled, he will bite all day long, eſpecially from eight till ten in the morning, and from three till ſix in the evening. If there are thirty or forty of them in a hole, they may all be caught at one ſtanding: they are not like the ſolitary pike, but love to be in company together, and ſwim in ſhoals, as all fiſhes that have ſcales are obſerved to do. His baits are minnows, little frogs, or brandlings, if well ſcoured; when he bites, give him time enough, and you can hardly give him too much; for otherwiſe, as he is not a leather-mouthed fiſh, he will often break his hold.

Angle for him, if you bait with a brandling, with a ſtrong fiſh line, and gut at bottom, your hook No. 4, 5, or 6, and at about five or ſix inches from the ground. But if you rove for him, with a minnow or frog (which is a very pleaſant way) your line ſhould be ſtrong, and the hook armed with gimp, and the bait ſwimming at mid-water, ſuſpended by a cork float. I always uſe a trowl, that if a pike ſhould happen to take it, I may be prepared for him.

Keep your minnows in a tin kettle, and when you bait with one, ſtick the hook through his upper-lip, or back-fin. If you uſe a frog, ſtick it through the ſkin of his hind leg. Theſe directions carefully attended to, will inſure ſucceſs to the angler.

Other baits for the pearch are loaches, millers-thumbs, ſtickle-backs, ſmall lob, and marſh, and red-worms well ſcoured, horſe-beans boiled, cad-bait, oak-worms, bobs, and gentles.

Though pearch, like trout, delight in clear ſwift rivers, with pebbly gravelly bottoms, they are often found in ſandy clayey ſoils. Many of theſe fiſh are taken in the rivers about Oxford. The pearch grows ſlowly, but becomes a large fiſh in time. We are informed, from angling authority, that ſome have been taken almoſt two feet in length. The author of the Angler's Sure Guide ſays, he once ſaw the figure of a pearch, drawn with a pencil on the door of a houſe near Oxford, which was twenty-nine inches long, and was informed it

was

was the true dimensions of a living pearch. *Angler's Sure Guide*, 155.

Though the best time of the year to angle for the pearch, is from the beginning of May till the end of June, yet you may continue to fish for him till the end of September. He is very abstemious in winter, though he will bite then in the middle of the day, if it be warm: all fish, indeed, bite best in the middle of a warm day in winter.

The English Bull Dog.

THIS animal is the fiercest of all the dog kind, and is perhaps the most courageous creature in the world. It is low in stature, but very strong and muscular: it has a short nose, and the under jaw projects beyond the upper, which gives it a fierce and unpleasant aspect. Its courage in attacking the bull is well known: its fury in seizing, and its obstinacy in maintaining its hold, are truly astonishing. It always aims at the front, and generally fastens upon the lip, the tongue, the eye, or some part of the face: where it hangs, in spite of every effort of the bull to disengage himself.

The extraordinary ardour of these dogs in fighting, will be best illustrated by the following fact, related by an eye-witness; which at the same time corroborates, in some degree, that wonderful account of the dogs of Epirus, given by Elian, and quoted by Dr. Goldsmith in his history of the dog. Some years ago, at a bull-baiting in the north of England, when that custom was very common, a young man, confident of the courage of his dog, laid some trifling wager, that he would, at separate times, cut off all the four feet of the dog; and that, after amputation, it would attack the bull. The cruel experiment was tried, and the dog continued to seize the bull as eagerly as if he had not been maimed.

This custom of baiting the bull, has of late years been almost laid aside in the north of England; and consequently there are not, at this time, many of this kind of dogs to be seen.

The bull-dog always makes his attack without barking, and therefore it is dangerous to approach him alone, without very great precaution.

Pedigree *and* Performances *of the late celebrated* Stallion, Highflyer.

HIGHFLYER, was got by King Herod, his dam (Mark Anthony's dam) by Blank, grandam by Regulus, a daughter of Soreheels, (which mare was the dam of Matchless, South, and Danby Cade) a daughter of Marchless, which was Sir Ralph Milbank's black mare, the dam of Hartley's blind horse. At Newmarket, Second October Meeting, 1777, Highflyer won a sweepstakes of 900gs. for 3 yr old colts 8st. fillies 7st. 11lb. D. I. beating Justice, Bourdeaux, Sweetmarjoram, &c. In the Second Spring Meeting, 1778, Highflyer won a sweepstakes of 2600gs, for 4 yr olds, colts 8st. fillies 7st. 11lb. B. C. beating Ilmio, Thunderbolt, Jupiter, Chesfield, Fulmine, and four others. In the July Meeting, Highflyer won a sweepstakes of 600gs. colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb. B. C. beating Stormer, Satellite, and Dragon. In the First October Meeting, he won the renewed 1400gs. colts 8st. 10lb. fillies 8st. 7lb. B. C. beating

beating Ilmio, Firm, and Jupiter; he alſo won the weights and ſcales plate of 100gs. wt. for age, B. C. beating Pearl, Veſtal, and Tremamondo. In the Second October Meeting, he received 400gs. ft. in a poſt ſweepſtakes. In the Houghton Meeting, at 8ſt. beat Ld. Clermont's Dictator, 5 yrs old, 8ſt. 7lb. B. C. 500gs. In the Firſt Spring Meeting, 1779, Highflyer at 8ſt. 3lb. won a ſweepſtakes of 750gs. B. C. beating Mr. Stapleton's Magog, 8ſt. 7lb. In the Second Spring Meeting, he won a ſweepſtakes of 700gs. at 8ſt. 7lb. each, B. C. beating Doremant aged, and Dictator 6 yrs old. He afterwards walked over for a ſubſcription of 280gs, at Nottingham, and the great ſubſcription of 295l. at York; he a ſo won the ſubſcription of 295l. for 6 yr old and aged horſes, at York. He alſo won the King's plate at Litchfield, beating a t two heats (though lame) Ld. Groſvenor's bay mare, by Dux, and Mr. Smallman's Chesfield.

Highflyer was never beat but once, nor ever paid forfeit but once, and was undoubtedly the beſt horſe of his time in England. The ſums he won and received, amounts to 8920gs. though he never ſtarted after he was five years old. He was the ſire of Rockingham, Delpini, Sir Peter Teazle, Young Highflyer, Skyſcraper, Omphale, Balloon, Spadille, Walnut, Young Maiden, Young Flora, Lady Teazle, Volanté, Louiſa, Slope, Miſs Blanchard, &c. &c.

Curious Traits *in the* Character *of the present* King *of* Naples, *by Mrs.* Piozzi.

THE King of Naples rides and rows, and hunts the wild boar, and catches fiſh in the bay, and ſells it in the market, as dear as he can too; but gives away the money they pay him for it, and that directly, ſo that no ſuſpicion of meanneſs, or any thing worſe than a little rough merriment, can ever be attached to this truly honeſt, open, undeſigning character.

Stories of monarchs ſeldom give me pleaſure, who ſeldom am perſuaded to give credit to tales told of perſons few people have any acceſs to, and whoſe behaviour towards thoſe few, is circumſcribed within the laws of inſipid and dull routine; but this prince lives among his ſubjects, with the old Roman idea of a window before his boſom. They know the worſt of him is, that he ſhoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macaroni, and helps himſelf to it with his fingers, and rows againſt the watermen in the bay, till one of them burſt out a bleeding at the noſe, laſt week, with uncourtly efforts to outdo the king, who won the trifling wager by this accident. Having conquered, laughed, and leaped on ſhore, amid the acclamations of the populace, who huzza'd him home to the palace, from whence he ſent double the ſum he had won, to the waterman's wife and children, with other tokens of kindneſs.

Mean time, while he reſolves to be happy himſelf, he is equally determined to make no man miſerable.

When the Emperor and the Grand Duke, talked to him of their new projects for reformation in the church, he told them, he ſaw little advantage they brought into their ſtates by theſe new-fangled notions; that when he was at Florence and Milan, the deuce

deuce a Neapolitan could he find in either, while his capital was crowded with refugees from thence: that, in short, they might do their way, but he would do his: that he had not now an enemy in the world, public or private; and that he would not make himself any, for the sake of propagating doctrines he did not understand, and would not take the trouble to study: that he should say his prayers as he used to do, and had no doubt of their being heard, while he only begged blessings on his beloved people. So if these wise brothers in law would learn of him to enjoy life, instead of shortening it by unnecessary cares, he invited them to see him, the next morning, to play a great match at tennis.

The GAME *of* CRIBBAGE, *continued from Page* 40.

DIRECTIONS FOR BETTING.

IN order to bet with a prospect of advantage at the Game of Cribbage, the adventurer should first carefully examine the state of the game on both sides, and particularly learn who has the deal. Paying due attention to these circumstances, and to the following table, he will, however, be enabled to make his bets judiciously.

ODDS AT THE GAME OF CRIBBAGE.

When the pegs are even, and each player is five holes going up the board		it is 6 to 4 in favour of the dealer.
The pegs even, and each 10 holes, is	—	12 to 11
Ditto — and each 15 — is	—	7 to 4
Ditto — and each 20 — is	—	6 to 4
Ditto — and each 25 — is	—	11 to 10
Ditto — and each 30 — is	—	9 to 5
Ditto — and each 35 — is	—	7 to 6
Ditto — and each 40 — is	—	10 to 9
Ditto — and each 45 — is	—	12 to 8
Ditto — and each 50 — is	—	5 to 2
Ditto — and each 55 — is	—	21 to 20

N. B. When each player is in his fifty-sixth hole, it is 7 to 5 *against the dealer.*

When each is at his fifty-seventh hole, it is 7 to 4 *against the dealer.*

When each is at his fifty-eighth hole, it is 3 to 2 *against the dealer.*

When each is at his fifty-ninth hole, it is an *even bet.*

When each is at his sixtieth hole, it is two to one *in favour of the dealer.*

In every stage of the game, till within about fifteen holes of being out, if the dealer is five points before his adversary, he has about *three* to *one* the best of the game; and, as the game advances, supposing him still to retain his advantage of being five points a-head, the odds gradually increase to *eight* to *one* in his favour. If you deal, wanting only six points of being out, and your adversary has eleven points to get, the game is exactly ten to one in your favour.

When a dealer leads his adversary ten points, the odds are very considerably in his favour: thus situated, in any stage of the game he may prudently venture to bet nine

nine to two; and, as the game draws nearer to a conclusion, the odds increase to upwards of eleven to one. If you deal, wanting only six points of game, and your adversary wants sixteen points, it is a good twelve to one in your favour.

If the dealer, in any part of the game, before he turns the top of the board, is five points behind his adversary, the game is six to one against him: if the dealer has turned the top one point, and his opponent six points, the game is six to four against the dealer: if the dealer has turned the top six points, and his adversary eleven points, the dealer has seven to four the worst of the game; but if it should so happen, that the dealer should want sixteen points of the end, and his adversary only eleven, the game is 21 to 20 in favour of the dealer.

In any stage of the game, till within the last twenty holes of the end, the dealer has not the best of the game, if his opponent is three points a-head. In this situation of the game, a person may bet his money upon equal terms, and have the apparent advantage of making choice of the players: this is a considera- tion worth attending to, for much depends upon the good or bad judgment of the opponents: but, in a more advanced stage of the game, a point or two makes a material alteration. For example: suppose the dealer wants twenty holes of game, and his adversary only seventeen, in this case the dealer has nearly five to four the worst of the game; for the adversary, being nearly at home for his next deal, may break his hand, in order to throw a strong bilk into the dealer's crib, or manage his cards in such a manner as to hinder him from getting, by any means, any points by play, &c.

The game may be said to be very equal when the dealer wants fourteen, and his opponent nine; and when the dealer wants eleven, and his opponent seven of the end: but when the dealer wants only three points of being out, and his adversary (who has of course the first shew) wants four, the game is five to four in favour of the dealer, on account of the great probability he has of playing out: to this consideration must be added the chance of his adversary not holding four points, both together giving him the better of the game. Thus situated, however, it should be observed, that he has no occasion to hold a single point in his hand, but should keep the smallest cards he possibly can for play, which give him the greatest probability of securing, at least, the end hole.

An Anecdote.

ALONZO IV. surnamed the *Brave*, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention; his confidants and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence, at last, being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety, entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first

first rank rose up:—"Courts and camps," said he, "were allotted to kings, not woods and desarts; even the affairs of private men suffer, when recreation is preferred to business—but when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, *a whole nation* is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to here the exploits of the chase; exploits, which are intelligible only to grooms and falconers. If your majesty will attend to the *wants*, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not"—The king starting with rage, interrupted—"If not, what?"——"If not, (resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone) they will look for another, and a better king." Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, hastened out of the room. In a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled—"I perceive," said he, "the truth of what you say. He that will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with *Alonzo the Sportsman*, but with *Alonzo the King of Portugal*."

Pigot *and* Hodgson.

In our last Number, we had occasion to mention the case of these gentlemen, with their re-commitment to prison, for want of such bail as Mr. Justice Gould should think sufficient for their *liberation*. Since which, we have to state the following occurrences—The bill preferred against Mr. Pigott, (on a charge of having uttered certain seditious words at the London Coffee-House) being thrown out, he was accordingly discharged; so true it may be justly acknowledged, "Nought is never in danger," or, "That he who is born to be *hanged*, will never be *drowned*;" and vice versa.

A true bill having, however, been found against Dr. Hodson for a similar offence, he was, for want of bail, committed to Newgate; and, on Saturday the 2d of November, brought to the bar of the *Old Bailey*, and arraigned upon an indictment for "A misdemeanour in *wickedly*, and *maliciously* uttering seditious words in the London Coffee-House, tending to excite his Majesty's subjects to rebellion against his person and government." To which the Doctor, by the *indecent* and *ineffectual* advice of his attorney, refused to *plead*. The Common Serjeant who presided, having informed the *defendant*, "That the Court was not to be *trifled with*, and unless he thought proper *to plead*, he should immediately commit him to Newgate for contempt of court." The defendant's attorney, with no small portion of *legal effrontery*, replied, that Dr. Hodgson having been previously admitted to bail, was entitled to have been at large until the last hour and moment of the sessions. He was answered, that his client had surrendered, and was then in the custody of the court. Dr. H. then addressed the court, and disclaiming any intention of *trifling with*, or *insulting* it, pleaded *not guilty*, and traversed his indictment until the next session. He then offered two persons as bail for his appearance, to take his trial at that time, one of whom was his friend, Mr. Eaton, the bookseller, of Bishopsgate-street. Mr. Fielding (as counsel for the crown) then made application to the court, to fix the sums in which

which the parties ſhould be bound, and for an order, that the uſual notice of bail ſhould be given to Meſſrs. CHAMBERLAYNE and WHITE, ſolicitors for the proſecution. The court then directed, that the Doctor ſhould enter into a recognizance of 500l. and find two ſureties to be bound in a penalty of 250l. each, for his appearance; and ordered that the bail ſhould be taken before the Lord Mayor, forty-eight hours notice of which to be given to the ſolicitors, and until ſuch bail was given, the defendant to ſtand committed to NEWGATE. The Doctor here availed himſelf of the recent death of Lord George Gordon, and the indiſpoſition of Mr. M'Cann, (ſince dead) to eſtabliſh a proof *of danger* in being committed to Newgate, where an infectious diſeaſe was ſuppoſed to be predominant: his objections were, however, over-ruled, and whether *his life* was ſuppoſed of no great conſequence, is not for our conſideration—he was committed to NEWGATE.

MENDOZA,

WHO has been ſo repeatedly the ſubject of SPORT, has, in the preſent inſtance, it ſeems, been moſt unjuſtly SPORTED WITH. For on Saturday the 2d of November, he ſtood indicted at the OLD BAILEY for a fraud, in obtaining a certain quantity of goods, the property of Meſſrs. NATHAN and LEVI. Without going into the minutes of the evidence, and giving a dry detail of the buſineſs, in which ſo palpable and ſhameleſs a proſtitution of juſtice was unſucceſsfully attempted; we can only lament the depravity of human nature, that could ſo maliciouſly inſtigate the proſecution, and the malignity that could (with ſo much effrontery) perſevere to its determination. Suffice it to ſay, that the indictment was found in itſelf ſo deficient in formation, that he ſtood perfectly clear of proſecution, had he choſen to have availed himſelf of the unintentional errors of his proſecutor; but this he, conſcious of his integrity and the villainy of the proſecution, totally declined, and begged (for the re-eſtabliſhment of his character, now moſt cruelly, moſt unjuſtly attacked) that he might be put upon trial, and ſtand or fall by the deciſive voice of the jury, to whoſe equity he chearfully ſubmitted both his perſonal ſafety and the preſervation of ſuch character, as he, with other men in common, had to ſupport.—This requeſt having been honored with the ſanction and acquieſcence of the Court, EVIDENCE was called in ſupport of the proſecution, (if ſuch, without proſtitution of the word and meaning, it may be called); when ſuch a ſcene of prevarication was introduced, ſo full of *contradiction*, *deception*, and *duplicity*, that it not only incurred the general contempt and abhorrence of the court, but excited from the bench a moſt contemptuous reprobation of the proſecutor's conduct, with a happy alluſion to the fortunate inveſtigation of the defendant's character, which, with reſpect to the charge alledged againſt him, became perfectly UNIMPEACHABLE. The learned Judge, therefore, declined calling upon him for the leaſt defence, and there can be little doubt that the party ſo *unjuſtly*, ſo *intentionally*, ſo *maliciouſly* injured, will, by obtaining a copy of the indictment, inſtitute ſuch

ſuch ſuit for the attainment of REDRESS and COMPENSATION, as the code of our laws has wiſely eſtabliſhed, to prevent ſuch villainous ſcenes of undeſerved perſecution.

Dick England.

As we have had occaſion to notice this celebrated character on the Turf, in two of our former Publications, the following facts relative to his late arreſt, may not be unintereſting to many of our readers:—

Having accompanied Mrs. D——, wife of the Iriſh Chancellor of that name, the brother of Major D——, to Oſtend, in order to aſſiſt her in procuring a paſſage to England, he was informed that Mrs. R. the mother of Mr. R. with whom he had the duel, and for which he ſtood charged with wilful murder on the coroner's inqueſt, was dead. The intelligence was no ſooner communicated to him, than he inſtantly formed the reſolution of returning to England; concluding, that he no longer had any reaſon to fear a proſecution, and would certainly have come over with Mrs. D——, but that he had left his papers, and other things of conſequence, at Boulogne, where he had of late reſided..

He, therefore, loſt no time in repairing to his houſe for that purpoſe; where, having arrived, he found a packet of letters, entruſted to his care for Mrs. D——, the parties not knowing that ſhe had yet left Boulogne.

Theſe letters were to different people in London, and contained information of a *particular* nature, on the ſubject of politics; and England ſending them to the poſt, they were ſuſpected by the municipal officers, who had them opened and examined.

In conſequence of this, England was immediately committed to priſon as a *ſpy*, and all his papers and effects inſtantly ſeized upon in the name of the Republic.

Animal Courage.

Every body remembers the cock, that, by crowing, clapping his wings, &c. ſhewed ſuch ſpirit on board the gallant Rodney's ſhip during the battle on the very memorable 12th of April; the following may be added as a counter-part to it:—

At the commencement of the late action which took place between the *Nymph* and *Cleopatra*, there was a large Newfoundland dog on board the former veſſel, which, the moment the firing began, ran from below deck, in ſpite of the men to keep him down, and climbing up into the main chains, he there kept up a continual barking, and exhibited the moſt violent rage the whole of the engagement. When the *Cleopatra* ſtruck, he was among the foremoſt to board her, and there walked up and down the decks, ſeemingly conſcious of the victory he had gained.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Your inſerting the following account of a remarkable fox chase, in your entertaining Publication, will oblige many of your readers in this neighbourhood, as well as

Your's &c.

Northampton, W. M.
Nov. 13, 1793.

FOX CHASE.

Lord Spencer's hounds had one of the hardest days, on Wednesday, November 6, ever known so early in the season. They threw off at Boughton, and after trying the gofs there without effect, came to Levi's cover in Northampton-field, where they found, and, after a short burst, lost in Kingsthorpe-field. The second fox was found in Ecton-warren, and would have certainly been killed in cover, had not one of the whippers-in jumped off his horse and rescued him from the hounds. After breaking cover with four or five couple at his brush, he made a point for Billing-lings, turned back through Billing-thicks—Fawscut's lodge—crossed the Wellingborough road on this side the World's-end-inn—went round Ecton town, and was there so close pressed that he ran into a drain in front of Mr. Isted's house, near the fish pond: this resource availed him but little; while some men were employed in digging him out, he bolted, and after running round Ecton closes twice, pointed down for the river Nen, turned to the left, and skirted Earl's-Barton town, after which he came back again into Ecton lordship, went up the valley between Barton and Ecton, pointing for Sywell-hays, and turned to the left by Lovell's-lodge and Ecton-warren; from thence he made for Billing-lings, went through Britains-harbour, and straight on for Northampton race-ground, which he crossed, and also the turnpike road, and took directly down to the river, which he swam above Harris's mill: from whence he struck through Dallington lordship, crossed the West-Haddon road between the turnpike and the first mile-stone—also Bulley-close—the Daventry road—and some of the Abbey-closes—kept along the river-side, by Duston-mill, into Upton lordship, and having swam the river again, near Upton-mill, took over Thrup open field, in a direct line for Milton, then turned to the right up to Gayton town, where he at length found means to elude the vigilance of his pursuers.—— Many of the horses were knocked up in the chase; the huntsman tired three, one of which, and also a horse belonging to Mr. Marsh, of Moulton, we hear are since dead.

REFLECTIONS *on* GAMING.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inserting the following Reflections on Gaming in your entertaining Miscellany, you will oblige your constant reader,

L. W.

A Prudent Gamester.

The practice of playing at games of chance and skill, though it has been much objected to, and highly censured by Hartley, Harvey, Shenstone, and many other writers, is neither unlawful, nor unreasonable, as far as it is consistent with the rules of honour and integrity; and as far as it contributes either to the relaxation of our minds, or affords diversion to our friends: but then every person should avoid the abuse of this liberty, and not be too much a slave to his recreations, or suffer them to divert the attentions of his mind from a steady adherence to the important business of his life. The prudent gamester will never play for such large sums as, if he loses, will

will either discompose his mind, or injure his family or estate.

Under such restrictions, the playing at cards, or any other game, is an innocent and agreeable amusement: but in the present age, these rules are little attended to by the generality of our nobility and gentry, whether male or female, who should be the great examples and encouragers of industry and virtue; as well as by the trading part of the nation, who vainly attempt, by luxury and dissipation, to rival the nobility in the least amiable part of their characters. Health, fortune, reputation, serenity of mind, and every thing valuable in life, are sacrificed to the love of play. Whole nights and days are frequently spent in the trifling and despicable employment of throwing a dye, or in shuffling, cutting, and dealing a pack of cards; and such large sums ventured and lost, as often reduce families from a flourishing condition to penury and distress:

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
Or when more dice with more profusion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
But gamesters for whole patrimonies play,
The steward brings the deeds which must convey
The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting more than hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery!

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

The modern gaming-table is the scene where every kind of fraud is practised; and where falsehoods, imprecations, and the most opprobrious epithets are adopted, which often cancel the most sacred bands of friendship, and produces, in lieu of them, dissimulation, envy, malice, and revenge.

Candour obliges us to hope that matters are never carried to such desperate lengths, among the ladies, when they play; though the tongue of scandal proclaims that many of them, from their frequent and high gaming, are often reduced to great meannesses and distresses; and that many sums, which should belong to the honest and industrious tradesman, are by them squandered away at the gaming-table. It is certain, however, that the hours pass away unheeded, when at play, without any improvement, or rational delight; and that all conversation is suspended, except the frequent repetition of a few gambling phrases, and poignant altercations.

But in order to do strict justice to the ladies of the present day, and to keep them a little in countenance, we shall give a general portrait of the female gamesters of 1725, (little less than seventy years ago) as drawn by the masterly pencil of Dr. Jonathan Swift.

How can the muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
All the superfluous whims relate,
Which fill a female gamester's pate:
What agony of souls she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels.
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind,
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hopes to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fled;
She draws an ace, and finds it red.——
She's ever with new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't——
Stand further, girl, or get you gone,
I always lose when you look on.

Lord

Lord, madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill.
Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you who threw the game away,
When Lady Tricksy play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore:
I saw you touch your wedding-ring,
Before my lady call'd a *king*,
You spoke a word begun with *H*,
And I know who you meant to teach,
Because you hold the *king* of *hearts*;
Fye, madam, leave these little arts.
That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair, to call the *king* of *clubs*,
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand.
Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce:
And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.
Spadilla here has got a mark,
A child may know it in the dark;
I guess the hand, it seldom fails—
I wish *some folks* would pare their nails.

SWIFT'S MISCELLANIES.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

SHOULD the following extraordinary circumstance appear worthy of a place in your Magazine, you may depend on its authenticity, as the greater part of the family were eye-witnesses.

Your constant reader,

P. I. E.

Coventry, Nov. 13, 1793.

On the 24th of May, 1792, Thomas White and Richard Tooth, two game-keepers belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, at Stanley Abbey, were dragging a part of the river Avon, under Bericott Wood; within sight of the Abbey-door, they caught a pike which, after lying on the bank some time, attempted to disgorge something: he was immediately opened, and another pike taken out of him, which measured, from the extremity of his head to the end of the tail, two feet two inches and a half: weighed four pounds and a half, and the fish it was taken out of, weighed sixteen pounds.

The following may also be depended on as a fact:

On the 28th of October, 1793, the Bagington hounds belonging to W. D. Bromley, Esq. found a fox in Ryton-wood, about four miles from Coventry, which, after a short run, earthed in Stanley-park, near the seat of the Hon. Mrs. Leigh; it appearing not to be a very strong earth, some tools were procured, and after digging a short time, to their great astonishment, found six as fine full-grown hares as ever were seen in this country.

DECISION *in the* COURT *of* KING'S BENCH, *respecting a* TROTTING MATCH.

A. *versus* B.

THE plaintiff, in an action against the defendant, recovered 300l. upon the following wager; B. laid 300l. to 200l. that A. could not procure two geldings that would trot with him thirty-two miles in two hours. A. accepted the wager and won. The present motion is for an arrest of judgment, on the ground that the horses did not belong to the plaintiff, and that he could not therefore recover, being prevented by one of the acts of parliament against horse-races.

Mr. Erskine admitted that, unless he was entitled to recover by the strict letter of the law, he could expect nothing from the favour of the court. The act of parliament in question stated in the preamble, that its object was to discourage the breed of light running-horses; therefore, the present wager was protected, at least

least by the spirit of the act; for his client was as heavy as a sack of flour, and would require a very strong horse to trot with him at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The act stated, "If any person shall start a horse, mare, or gelding, not being his own, &c. he should forfeit the same;" but his client had started two geldings, which circumstance kept the wager clear of the act. It could not be said, if a man walked his horse for a wager, that this was a horse-race within the meaning of the act of parliament. Neither could trotting be deemed a horse-race.

The court was of opinion, that as it had been proved on the trial, that the geldings did not belong to the plaintiff, he could not recover. —Judgment arrested.

The name of the above cause is Robson *versus* Hall, two stable-keepers; the former residing in Little Britain, and the latter in the Old Bailey, London.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

OBSERVING in your last Number, your readiness to correct mistakes and omissions, (as in the performances of Highflyer) I take the liberty of pointing out to you a few more, as follows:

ANVIL.

Anvil won, besides the prizes you've mentioned in No. 4.

May 7, 1781, Anvil beat Mr. Vernon's Rosemary, for 100gs.

Tuesday, July 3, Mr. Parker's Anvil, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. beat Mr. Luttrell's bay colt, Tetrarch, (by Herod) 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. and Mr. Hamilton's ch. h. Satellite, (by Eclipse) aged, 9st. for the Great Subscription of 10gs each, 33 subscribers, at Exeter; and walked over the course at Bath, for a sweepstakes of 30gs each, 3 subscribers.

DIOMED.

In 1781, Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed recd 250gs forfeit from Mr. Stapleton's brother to Mopsqueezer.

Monday, April 2, 1781, First Spring Meeting, the Fortescue Stakes of 30gs each, 11 subscribers, carrying 8st. 7lb. each.

Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed 1, beating Sir J. Lade's b. c. Spitfire, by Eclipse; Ld Grosvenor's b. c. King William, by Herod, and 3 others, the rest paid forfeit.

Second Spring Meeting, the Claret Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each, 14 subscribers.

Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed 1, beating Sir F. Gascoigne's ch. c. Antagonist, (by Herod) and Sir J. Lade's ch. c Bishop Blaze, and 4 others, pd ft.

CREEPER.

Creeper, (at Litchfield, for the King's 100) beat Dark, (not Sulky) and Weathercock.

By your inserting the above, if you approve of it, and giving the pedigrees and particulars of the racings of the following horses, (which, in my opinion, will greatly enrich your entertaining work) in your succeeding Numbers, you'll greatly oblige

A Subscriber,
T. C. A. B.

Highflyer, Sir Peter Teazle, Saltram, Pot8o's, Escape, Mark Anthony, Mambrino, Grey Diomed, Meteor, Fidget, Serjeant, Florizel, Sweetbriar, Fire-

Firetail, Buccaneer, Woodpecker, Hollyhock, Hyder Ally, Bucephalus, Whirligig, Trentham, &c. &c.

N. B. I'll be always ready to communicate any circumstance that may occur in this part of the country, worthy a place in your entertaining Repository.

Derby, Nov. 12, 1793.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

AS ample directions have been given in pages 34 and 119 of our First Volume, to those who wish to be partakers of this sport, we need only say farther, by way of introducing the annexed beautiful Engraving to the notice of our readers, than that no expence has been spared in the execution; and that with what has already been done, as well as intended to be given, the SPORTING MAGAZINE may, with great truth, be said to contain a more compleat set of prints on *Shooting Subjects*, than any that has hitherto appeared.

RULES *and* INSTRUCTIONS *for playing the* GAME *of* CASSINO*.

LAWS OF CASSINO.

THIS fashionable game consists of eleven points, viz.

	POINTS.
The ten of diamonds, called great cassino, marks	2
The deuce of spades, named little cassino, marks	1
The aces are *each one* point	4
The majority of the suit of spades marks -	1
The majority of the cards marks -	3

* Cassino is described in Alberti's Dictionary, to be a kind of gaming-house for the use of the nobility at Florence; whence, it is supposed, Cassino derives its name.

To fix a lasting impression in the memory, of the points of the game, we shall give the following poetical explanation of them, from a moc-heroic poem, lately published:

Eleven points are in each game contain'd,
'Tis mine to shew how best those points are gain'd;
Whoe'er of cards have the majority,
For their success may score, the number *three.*
The *diamond ten*, the great CASSINO nam'd:
Two points demand and chief in rank is fam'd;
The *deuce of spades*, Cassino's younger brother,
By common use, claims *half as much as t'other*;
Each *ace* scores *one*, and thus the number *four*
Is quickly added to the former score:
And last, *the suit of spades* puts in its claim,
To reckon *one*, and thus completes the game.

But each party does not score the number of points he has gained; for the lesser number is subtracted from the greater, and the overplus only is scored.

Six points gained save the lurch.

DEALING.

Deal four cards to each person, and four to the board, the *first deal only*; and, after those cards are played, give four more to each person, (*without any for the board*) till the pack is out.

It is not requisite that the dealer should turn up the cards on the board regularly, after having dealt four cards to each party; he may turn up one, two, or more, at his option.

There is no mis-deal at Cassino; for if a person plays with only three cards, he must abide by the loss; and if a card should be dropped under the table, he who had only three cards must take it, whether it be advantageous to him or not. Even a sacred

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

faced card or cards cannot occasion a mis-deal, excepting in the first round of the deal, before any cards are turned up on the board.

RULSS FOR PLAYING.

1. Begin play by taking from the table, as many cards as will answer to the number of pips on the card you lay down, which you must take up also, then face them like tricks before you.

2. Take up the card played by your adversary, in preference to any other.

3. Take up spades, in preference to any other suit, if it is a matter of indifference which pair, of two, you take: but the desire of taking spades should never bias your play, unless your adversaries have taken all the other points, and have evidently taken more cards than you, then you must endeavour to make the spades, in order to save the game.

4. When you hold a pair, play one of them.

5. Avoid playing a ten while great cassino is in, or a deuce, when little cassino is unplayed. But if the great cassino and an ace be upon the board, and you have a ten and an ace in your hand, take up the aces in preference, as the aces may be taken by combination, and the ten can only be taken by another ten.

6. A person can never take more than one card at a time from his own hand; but with that he may not only take up a pair, and every card of the same denomination with that he puts down, but he may take up as many cards as by combination answer to the card which he has put down: as for example, if he should hold a nine, and six or eight cards on the table should happen to make up three or four separate nines, he clears the board, and marks one point in the game as often as repeated.

A FURTHER EXAMPTE.

A ten may take a —— 5 and 5
—————— a —— 6 and 4
—————— a —— 7 and 3
—————— an —— 8 and 2
—————— a —— 9 and ace.
As well as tens.

7. The card laid down must be taken up with those which answer to it.

8. Whoever clears the board, reckons one point for each time.

9. He who takes the last trick, when all the cards are dealt out, takes with it every card that may remain on the board; and this is called the *sweep*.

10. If you cannot take up some card, or cards, from the board, put down court cards in preference to others, as the court cards can never be of any other use than to make a pair; but other cards may, by combination, take many to great advantage.

(To be continued.)

THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN.

A TRAGEDY, called the SIEGE of BERWICK, was performed here, for the first time, on Saturday, November 16, the characters of which were thus represented:

Sir Alexander Seaton, Governor of Berwick,	Mr. Pope.
Archibald Seaton, -	Mr. Middleton
Valentine Seaton, -	Mr. Holman.
Anselmn -	Mr. Harley.
Donaldson -	Mr. Macready.
Ethelberta, Wife of the Gov.	Mrs. Pope.
———her Companion,	Mrs. Fawcett.

The piece opens with the solicitations, offered by *Archibald* and *Valentine*, who, having planned a sally, requested permission of their father to share the dangers of it. The party, which they are suffered to lead, is in-

tercepted

tercepted by the enemy, and they are taken prisoners; but, while the Governor himself announces their condition to *Ethelberta*, and is informed that, unless the town is surrendered, they shall be chained to pillars, which are exposed to the arrows of the garrison, they return, and explain, that they are upon their *parole* for a few hours, being permitted to enquire of their father, which shall be saved, for the life of one is spared by the general of the enemy. Having contended with each other for the privilege of dying, they at length agree to return together and to die by each other's side, upon the fatal pillars. In the mean time, a sally is made by the governor, who kills the general of the besiegers, after receiving a mortal blow from him; *Valentine*, the younger son, is found expiring by the arrows, to which he was exposed, and has only breath to relate, that *Archibald*, having been released, stabbed himself, that he might not have the disgrace of living, after the honourable and military death of his brother. *Ethelberta* stabs herself with the arrow which has killed *Valentine*, and dies upon the stage, between her deceased husband and son.

The affecting circumstance of exposing the governor of a besieged town to direct the arrows of his forces against a place, in which his own sons are to be fixed, the agitations of the mother, the noble contention between the brothers, which shall be the victim, as one only was doomed to suffer, though the other resolves to be a sharer in the heroic fate, with all the trying incidents that naturally arise from situations so interesting, constitute a Tragedy that adds to the treasures of the British Muse.

Mrr Jerningham's poetical fame will be much augmented by this tragedy, which a large audience warmly greeted. The acting was excellent throughout. Let Holman, Pope, Middleton, and Mrs. Pope, divide the praise amongst them.

Decision *in the* Court *of* King's Bench, *respecting a* Wager.

Cotton *v.* A. B.

THE plaintiff had laid a wager with a third person of fifteen guineas, on the event of a battle, to be fought between him, the plaintiff, and one Cave. The money was deposited in the hands of the defendant, to be paid to the plaintiff if he conquered; otherwise to the other person. On the battle the plaintiff was supposed to have struck his antagonist a foul blow, and so it was put an end to, each party claiming the victory. The defendant was advised not to part with the money, till both parties agreed about the disposal of it.

The plaintiff brought this action to recover his own deposit; and upon the trial, it was agreed, on the facts as stated, to enter a verdict for the defendant, subject to the opinion of this court upon this question: Whether the money having been given in contemplation of an illegal transaction, the court could give their assistance in the recovery of it?

The court, after hearing counsel on both sides, were of opinion, that however true the above proposition might be, it did not govern the present case, the money, in this instance, having been lodged with a person who was not committing an illegal act. They accordingly directed the verdict to be reversed in favour of the plaintiff.

THE

THE

FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

IN Uttoxeter, Staffordſhire, lives a man of the name of Toll, commonly called Doctor Toll, who advertiſes to make ladies and gentlemens ſhoes, &c. in the neateſt manner—repair and clean clocks and watches—cut hair, bleed, and draw teeth—makes truſſes for ruptures—an invaluable ointment for the itch—and cures a variety of diſorders incident to the human frame, when deemed incurable by the faculty: advice in *all* caſes gratis. Beſides the above, he is carpenter and joiner; makes chains for meaſuring land, and is frequently called upon to ſurvey buildings, &c. He alſo makes his own inſtruments; and notwithſtanding the various occupations he is employed in, it is ſaid few excelled him in an any.

Buffon in his Natural Hiſtory, ſays, the ſeat of *ſenſibility* is in the *ſtomach*, we are certain there is not an Alderman in London that will not accede to this aſſertion, however ſingular the opinion.

How variouſly men reaſon concerning both words and things, according to their ſeveral taſtes and judgments. A gentleman in company at the weſt-end of the town, lately aſking what could be meant by *dinner pills*, an Iriſhman ſaid, he ſuppoſed *new potatoes*. "No, Sir," replied a City Alderman; "no, they muſt be either *turtle's eggs*, or *force-meat balls*."

Charles the Second conferred the following titles upon ſeven of his illegitimate offspring, viz. Duke of Monmouth, Earl of Plymouth, Duke of Southampton, Duke of Grafton, Duke of Northumberland, Duke of Saint Alban's, and Duke of Richmond. This merry Monarch uſed to call himſelf the *Father of his people*, becauſe he begot ſo many of them.

An old officer, whoſe ſagacity in military affairs is of the moſt curious kind, lately obſerved, that with thirty thouſand troops, he would undertake to oppoſe the Univerſe; and, upon being aſked, from what country he

proposed to select so many *invaluable heroes?*—My first 10,000, (said the son of Mars) should consist of Scotchmen *half*-starved—my second of Irishmen *half*-drunk—my third of Englishmen highly fed, and in good preservation: with these troops he seriously proposed to over-run the globe.

In the West Indies, last war, Captain G——, of the 55th regiment, being wounded in the eye at the taking St. Lucia, Sir William Meadows passing by in the heat of action, just stopped to regret his misfortune, "Do not mind me, Sir," says he, "I have one eye left, with which I hope to see you beat the French army."

The following circumstance happened at the last justice meeting at Chippenham: The sub-gamekeeper of a neighbouring nobleman, laid an information against some persons for coursing on his master's manors; but the parties proving an *alibi* by sufficient witnesses, the fine could not be levied. At the same time a woman was brought by the parish-officer to swear to the father of a bastard child, with which she was then pregnant; but not knowing his name, she met, on going from the clerk's room, the gamekeeper, and exclaimed, "That's the father of my child, and I am ready to swear to him!" which she accordingly did. So that instead of receiving the information money, the honest informer was obliged to get his friend, whom he brought as a witness, to join him in a bond to the parish officer, to the no small mortification of the keeper, and the amusement of the persons present.

I have a fine pointer, said a gentleman to his friend, staunch as can be at birds, but I cannot break him from sheep. His reply was, that the best means were to couple him to the horn of an old ram, and leave them in a stable all night, and the discipline he would receive would prevent his loving field mutton again: the same person meeting the owner of the dog some time afterwards, accosted him thus, "Well, Sir, your pointer now is the best in England, no doubt, from my prescription." Much the same, Sir, *for he killed my ram and eat a shoulder!*

When during the reign of Louis XIV. a Duke de Vendosme was appointed governor of Provence, the deputies, as was their usual custom, presented him with a purse, containing twenty thousand livres. Highly delighted with the gift, he dropped it into a strong chest that was in the room, when one of the deputies, with a very grave face, told him, "That though by an old custom they presented the purse full, his ancestors, the former Dukes of Vendosme, who had, time immemorial, enjoyed the place, always returned the money, and retained only the purse." "The conduct of the Dukes of Vendosme, who were my ancestors," replies the new made governor, "was *inimitable.*"

CHESTER, *Oct.* 14.

A beggar in Boughton, a few days ago, was seen picking a few *old acquaintance* off his cloaths; when he was thus angrily accosted by a pompous gentleman then passing, "You dirty rascal, what are you about?"

"Nothing, Sir, but guillontining a few aristocrats!"

"Aristocrats!

"Aristocrats! you seditious scoundrel! how dare you call such vermin aristocrats!"

"I can't find a better name for them, an please your Honour, for they always pinch the *poor*."

The first gentleman's post-chaise, which was seen in England, was about fifty years since, when the Duke of Bolton appeared in one at Winchester races. As no man of rank, at that time, hardly ever appeared in public but in a coach and six, Anthony Henley was so struck with this phœnomenon, that he exclaimed, "What the devil has your Grace got here?" "Mine a—se in a ban-box," (replied the Duke, in the language of a jockey) "I thought so," says Henley, "you make so sh—tten a figure."

The following is literally copied from an Irish paper:

"In good wine there is Truth." The *Rosy God*, ever attentive to the wants and wishes of his votaries here below, has deposited for their use, in the hands of Thomas Kepburn, (one of his *oldest tapsters)* some of his choicest *gifts*, the best produce of various vintages; such exhilirating beverages as of old cheered the hearts of gods and men. A strict observance of the seventh commandment is enjoined in the distribution. The fiat shall be obeyed by the public's most obliged and devoted servant.

Monaghan, Oct. 18*th.*

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Rev. Mr. L—t, of Rutlandshire, mentioned in No. XII. of your Magazine, page 364, was so fond of fox-hunting, that I make no doubt, but a few farther traits in the character of a man, no less remarkable for being attached to the chase, than for the goodness of his heart, will be deemed acceptable.

When a young man, being out with Mr. Noel's hounds, he said to the Earl of G. who had promised him the living of T. when it became vacant, "My Lord, that church stands on the land of promise." And a short time afterwards, when he had been inducted, he said, "My Lord, now that church stands on the land of possession."—He has been known several times, when at prayers in a week day, to leave the congregation, and join the hounds, when they chanced to pass in full cry; and once, when he was marrying a couple, left them in the middle of the service, and told them he would finish it the next morning. He was esteemed as a worthy good man, by all ranks of people in the neighbourhood, and did himself a great deal of good amongst the poor in his own parish. He died universally lamented, about three or four years ago, and a very remarkable circumstance happened during the funeral; a fox, very hard run was killed, after an excellent day's sport, within a few yards of the grave, at the time when the sexton was filling it in.

I am, &c.

VENATOR.

EQUESTRIAN PARADOX.

HORSES, upon which we have already said so much, and upon which so much remains to be said, are now undergoing that grand revolution, that a variety of experimental remarks and ancient adages have almost

almoſt taught us to believe and expect: every ſublunary dependence muſt experience it in the circumrevolutions of TIME, the viciſſitudes of individuals, and the capricious fluctuation of FORTUNE. For the gradually increaſing price of Engliſh bred horſes, for the laſt forty years, we have been accuſtomed to look at the annual exportation to France, which has, to thoſe unacquainted with that particular branch of commerce, exceeded every idea that can be poſſibly formed. Admitting, therefore, ſuch generally received opinions to be founded in fact, and that we were indebted to that *infernal nation* of ROGUES for "a plentiful ſcarcity of horſes:" we ſtand now moſt *woefully* indebted to them for a *ſuperabundant ſuperplus* of horſes, and a dreadfully impending ſcarcity of PROVISION. Report ſays, "horſes are cheap."—Report may go ſtill further, and ſay, "horſes are at this moment literally to be *given away*;" there are now in the metropolis for ſale, in the proportion of *a thouſand* ſellers for every fifty buyers, from all which no emolument is derived, but by the proprietors of the diurnal publications, and the REPOSITORIAN SHARKS. Horſes advertiſed for ſale, in pairs, at one hundred guineas, a month ſince, are now moſt humiliatingly ſubmitted to the contumelious inquiſitant at *fifty*; and the long liſt of *fair-weather* ſportſmen, who frequent the different packs within a day's reach of the metropolis, and uſed to talk of *ſeventy* and *eighty*, now lamentingly *feel the want of twenty* for their remnants of BLOOD, and look with repentant ſorrow upon the approaching ſeaſon of pecuniary contraction and elementary frigidity, when *accumulating expenſe*, *dreary days*, and *dirty roads*, may prevent a SINGLE JOURNEY, without a ſum total too formidable to be conveniently obliterated. This is ſo truly the ſtate of equeſtrian concerns in the metropolis, that we obſerve at the moſt faſhionable repoſitories one hundred lots in ſucceſſion, with hardly a *bona fide* purchaſer through the day. The ſtables of DEALERS are full, without the ſale of a horſe in the week; and to this, with the preſent enormous and almoſt unprecedented price of CORN, HAY and STRAW, may be attributed the conſtantly increaſing failures of that claſs, whoſe names have of late and ſo frequently continue *reluctantly* to *enrich* the evident proofs of *national proſperity* in THE GAZETTE.

MAKING GAME.

SOME ſtrange fellow, Mr. Editor, advertiſed the other day for a church living, in a fine *ſporting* country.—"Aye," ſays my old friend, Tom Lovepun, this is *making game* of religion."—And, in truth, Sir, is it not ſo? Here is a fellow now who never thinks of ſaving *ſouls* but killing *partridges*, and I dare ſay takes much more pains to ſcour his *gun*, than to make a ſermon.

How common is it, now-a-days, for people to make *game* of one another.—The *bachelors* make game of the *married* folks, who to be ſure may retaliate; but then, you know, Mr. Editor, they can't do it with ſo good a grace, for, as my old uncle uſed to ſay, when I hear a man loud in his praiſes of matrimony, I am at a loſs to know whether *he* or his wife be ſpeaking.

Then, Sir, what game *children* make of their *parents!* I have three ſons, as fine youths as you would

would wiſh to ſee, but as for *me*—Lord! they care no more for me than they do for their grandmother who has been dead theſe twenty years, and I'll be bound, they wiſh me in the ſame place. I am afraid they'll come to be hanged—two out of the three at leaſt—the other is a good lad to be ſure, and has been ſtone-blind ſince he had the ſmall-pox—I always know where to find *him*.

The great folks—how they make game of the little ones!—I wiſh the *ladies* too were not quite ſo gameſome, but the young ones make game of their lovers until they cure them of being huſbands, and then the poor girls think it a great hardſhip to be old maids—I beg pardon—but I wiſh they would take the hint—an old maid is a very uſeleſs animal—an old bachelor is not quite ſo bad; but they are both fair game, and I wiſh the miniſter would conſider them in his next budget, and let other game alone.

Now there is the precious French Convention—theſe fellows have been trying to make game of all the whole world—but the ſportſmen are out, and I truſt ſome of them will be *brought down*.—You ſee what they have done with the Queen.—Is there a human being in exiſtence who would have put that woman to death? yes—I am ſorry to add—for it is a diſgrace to human nature—there has been ſuch in Paris; and they make game of juſtice by way of laying a plot, and pretending that ſhe was concerned.

Enough of ſuch monſters—let us look at home—and by taking care how we *make game of* our Conſtitution, avoid the evils we deplore in that devoted country.

Your's, &c.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

H. M. S. H. *the* D. *of* ORLEANS, *more familiarly known by the Revolutionary Appellation of* EGALITE,

WHOSE rapid declination from the ſummit of ſublunary grandeur and perſonal ambition, to the dark abode of impriſonment, miſery, and diſgraceful death, not only holds forth an extenſive attraction for ſerious reflection upon the awful viciſſitudes of this life, and its ſlender dependencies; but renders ſome part of his purſuits, more immediately entitled to a niche in our repoſitorian accumulation of Sporting Eccentricities. Without a digreſſive animadverſion upon the immenſity of his original proſperity in France, (amounting, it is ſaid, to 150,000l. per annum), the ſtill greater enormity of his expenditure, the inordinate extent of his oſtentation, or the verſatile and pantomic complexion of his political experiments; we ſhall confine ourſelves to ſuch review of his adventures in this kingdom, as became more immediately connected with the province we have aſſumed.

In 1789, he made his entré as a ſportſman upon the Turf in England; and in the year following, ſtood Engagements in a variety of ſweepſtakes and matches, at Newmarket, where he was uniformly mean, and generally unſucceſsful. At the Craven Meeting, Mr. Vernon's *Scrub*, beat the D. of Orleans's *Boxer*, 30gs. April 5th and 8th, the D. of Orleans's *Lambinos*, was beat by Mr. Fox's *Shovel*, and Ld Clermont's *Tally-ho!* At the ſame Meeting, the D. of Orleans's *Hocks*, was beat by Ld Barrymore's *Toſs*; and again by Ld Falkland's *Sir Charles*. The Firſt Spring Meeting, the D. of Orleans's *Fortitude*, beat Ld Derby's

by's Director for 100gs; and the same day Mr. Bullock's Pelegrine, beat the D. of Orleans's Jerico, for 200, who likewise paid 100 forfeit, to the D. of Bedford's Skyscraper, two days after. At the Second Spring Meeting, *Lambinos* paid 100 forfeit, to Ld Grosvenor's *Asparagus*, and the next day but one beat ten others for *a* 50. In the First Spring Meeting, the D. of Orleans's Fortitude, was beat by the P. of Wales's *Serpent* for 100; and a few days after the Second Spring Meeting, for the same sum, by Wyndham's *Ospray*; when his horse *Jerico* was beat, likewise, by the D. of Bedford's *Dragon*, for 200. In the First Spring Meeting, *Conqueror* beat the D. of Queensberry's *Dash*, six miles, 300gs. In the Second Spring Meeting, Conqueror was beat by *Bustler*, for the JOCKEY CLUB PLATE, and again at Epsom, by Emmerson's *Tickler*. *Jerico* was beat by Sir C. Bunbury's *Smack*, for 200; as was immediately after his *Colonel*, by Wyndham's *Pecker*, for 100. His colt, "*Good-Morning*," by TRENTHAM, happening to win a *trial*, *fifty* from six others, at 2 yrs old, with the odds of SIX to *one*, he immediately named him for the GREAT OATLAND stakes of 100gs FORTY subscribers, but upon being beat a match over the old course, by Mr. Bullock's Contractor filley, he declared forfeit; and after visiting ASCOT and EPSOM, under the sanction and patronage of those HIGH and RESPECTABLE PERSONAGES, by whom he lived long enough to be despised, he withdrew himself from the face of pleasures in which he had not abilities to excel, or pecuniary spirit to succeed. Shortly after, the most incontrovertible demonstration, that ENGLISH pleasures are but ill adapted to *French pockets* and *French constitutions*, he retired (or was rather called) from the brilliant and peaceful scenes of this country, to become a *busy* and UNFORTUNATE character in his own. Previous to which, he had, however, the honor of joining his Majesty in the chase, and of being honourably received and hospitably entertained by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. With a recital of his personal hypocrisy, his political duplicity, and unbounded ambition, the various prints have been so *wonderfully prolific*, that little room (if we were so inclined) is left for us to expatiate. Suffice it to observe, that whatever might have been his original views in the earliest moments of *national anarchy*, or progressively they may have extended, to the deceptive prospect of a CROWN and SCEPTRE in the zenith of his fluctuation, perhaps it is not in the power of any individual to devise or decide: certain it is, for the latter days of his life, no consolation presented itself more forcily to his acceptance and exclamation, than

> "I am but MAN, and FATE do thou dispose of me!"

After a rigid imprisonment of some duration, he was brought on the morning of the 6th instant, before the revolutionary tribunal, where (as his immediate dissolution was previously determined on) what they call "*his trial*," was exceedingly concise and *briefly emphatical*. The interrogatories were few, and extended only to a connection formerly subsisting between him and SILLERY, one of the ex-deputies, who had been executed with BRISSOT. To these questions he answered with great FIRMNESS, and not without the appearance

of

of CONSISTENCY. Neither firmneſs, conſiſtency, TRUTH, or *falſehood*, it ſeems, could now extricate him from "the awful brink" upon which he ſtood; for a very narrow ſpace intervened between his being arraigned, pronounced "GUILTY," his condemnation, and his DEATH. For in the afternoon of the ſame day, he was, with all the military pomp of war, and terrors of approaching eternity, eſcorted to the place of execution, where he ſubmitted his neck to the ſeparating ſhock of the GUILLOTINE, with a degree of fortitude totally unexpected to thoſe who had been witneſſes of his former *puſillanimity*; having in the morning diſplayed a diſtant proſpect of HOPE and ACQUITTAL, in terming "his day of *trial*, the happieſt day of his life."

Of his *political* ills of his NATIONAL OFFENCES, we pretend to form no opinion, leaving the diſquiſition to thoſe who enter more energetically into party diſquietudes; but it has been a long and univerſal echo, "that as he lived without HONOR, he has died without *pity*." That his conduct was ſyſtematically *infamous*, without a reputation to ſupport, or deſire to obtain it, is generally believed; but what is ſingularly extraordinary, and completely uniform with the preſent ſcene of ſuperlative VILLAINY in France, is, that under the immediate direction and perſonal dictation of ROBESPIERRE, (his former *confidant*, and *nocturnal aſſociate*) he was brought to *the block*; who probably may have *very feelingly* exculpated himſelf from any *intentional* (or *unfriendly* ſeverity, by a ſympathetic excitement to FORTITUDE, in the moments of adverſity and impending death.

Extraordinary EQUESTRIAN PEDESTRIAN, *and other* PERFORMANCES.

1750.

A MATCH was made between the Earls of March and Eglingtown, with Theobald Taaffe and Andrew Sprowle, Eſqrs. for one thouſand guineas. The conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, and a perſon in or upon it, drawn by four horſes, nineteen miles in one hour; their lordſhips were to give two months notice what week it ſhould be done in, and had the liberty of chuſing any one day in that week; which was performed on Newmarket Heath, on the 29th of Auguſt, in fifty-three minutes and twenty-ſeven ſeconds.

The horſes were all bred and trained for running; the two leaders, including riders, ſaddles, and harneſs, carried about eight ſtone each; the wheel-horſes about ſeven ſtone each; the carriage with a boy on it weighed about twenty-four ſtone. The horſes had all bolſters to preſerve their ſhoulders; the traces (by an ingenious contrivance) run into boxes with ſprings when any of them hung back, to prevent the traces getting under their legs; a rope went from the further end of the carriage to the pole, and brought back under it to keep the pole ſteady; by the ſide of each wheel there were tin caſes with oil dropping on the axle-tree, to prevent its firing; the boy placed on it was only to fulfil the articles.

1753.

On the 3d of September, one Matzee, an Italian running footman, ran from Hyde Park Corner to Windſor in one hour and three

three quarters. The bet was 70 guineas to 50 he did not do it in two hours.

In the ſame year a little Welch poney, belonging to Mr. Freeman, of Fleet Market, ran 168 miles on the Bath road in forty hours, for a conſiderable wager; and Mr. Freeman (who weighed twelve ſtone) a ſhort time after, rode the ſame poney forty miles in four hours, on the Romford road.

1754.

At Newmarket, in April, a bay mare, belonging to Mr. Corker, went 300 miles in two days, 16 hours, and 20 minutes.—Three days were allowed.

1756.

June 17th, a man at eight o'clock went from Biſhopſgate, and walked to Colcheſter, and back to Biſhopſgate, by eight o'clock the ſame evening; the diſtance was 102 miles, and fifteen guineas was betted he did not do it in fifteen hours.

1758.

At Newmarket, in April and May, Miſs Pond rode one horſe 1000 miles in 1000 ſucceſſive hours, for a wager of 200 guineas. In a few weeks afterwards, Mr. Pond rode the ſame horſe 1000 miles in two thirds of the time.

1759.

Wedneſday, Auguſt 1ſt, a great foot match, four miles for 100 guineas a ſide, between Abron of Stainton Dale, and Temple of Liverton, was run on Egton Moor, near Whitby, which was won by Abron with eaſe. They ran the firſt round, which was a mile and half a quarter, in four minutes and forty-five ſeconds.

1760.

In May, John Seagrave, aged fifty-two, undertook for a wager of ten guineas, to go fifty miles in ten hours on Brighton Level, by walking and running to and fro; which he performed with apparent eaſe, in half an hour leſs time than was given him.

1761.

Feb. 21. A gentleman who had undertaken to ride one horſe one hundred miles in thirteen hours for two hundred guineas, ſtarted from Whitechapel church, rode twice to Market-end and back again (which is one hundred miles) in twelve hours.

In March four Welch women walked from the foot of Weſtminſter-bridge to the Boot and Crown over Deptford-bridge and back again, in one hour and three quarters, for a wager of twenty pounds. They were allowed two hours and a half.

The following remarkable races was run for the four years old 50l. weight 9ſt. two mile heats, at Carliſle, May 13.

D. Dunn's bay colt Cadabora, by Cade, dam by Shock,	1 7 0 3 0 1
Duke of Bolton's bay colt, Bold Burton,	8 5 6 1 0 2
Mr. Brompton's bay filly, Stella,	3 1 4 5 3 3
Mr. Pearſon's cheſnut colt, Heart of Oak	5 3 0 2 6
Mr. Taylor's brown colt, Cuddle me Cuddy	2 6 3 4 dr.
Sir James Lowther's bay filly Scotch Moggy	7 4 7 6 dr.

Mr. Shaftoe's bay colt, Brilliant	4 2 5	dis.
Mr. Holme's grey colt, Tyro (fell the 2d heat)	6	dis.

In running the 4th heat, Brilliant run against a post and bruised his rider so much, that he died a few hours after.

On the 30th of May, Mr. Thomas Dale, rode an ass at Newmarket, one hundred miles in twenty-two hours, and thirty minutes.

May 31, same year, an ass went 100 miles in 21 hours at Newmarket. The bet was 100l. to 10l. he did not do it in 24 hours.

June 18, same year, a porter in St. James's market, eat four pounds of beef steaks with a butcher's dog, soonest and best for a wager, and won it by several mouthfuls.

July 22. A person in Leeds rode his common hackney from thence to Hull and back again, which is 130 miles, in nineteen hours and twenty minutes. Twenty guineas to ten was staked he did not do it in twenty hours.

Dec. 17. The Right Honourable Thomas Conolly, rode for a wager of 500 guineas on the Curragh of Kildare. He was allowed two hours to ride forty miles with any ten hunters of his own. He with ease rode forty-two miles in an hour and forty-four minutes on eight hunters.

1762.

Jan. 18. Mr. Johnson, of Coventry, having laid a wager of twenty guineas, that he rode from London to Coventry, which is ninety-one miles, in ten hours, set out from Tyburn-road in the morning at five o'clock, and arrived at the White Bear, in Coventry, exactly at fifty-three minutes past one in the afternoon; so that he performed it in an hour and seven minutes less than the time. He rode without boots, and took a fresh horse every stage.

February 2d. A man undertook to walk seven miles in an hour and five minutes, on the Kingsland road, for a wager of thirty guineas, and performed it in an hour, four minutes, and two seconds. Great bets were depending.

April 7th. Mr. Longbottom Boot-maker, in Holborn, rode his own horse on the Romford Road against time. He was to ride seventeen miles and a half in one hour, and had one minute and a quarter to spare when he came in.

April 18. A very extraordinary wager was laid by two gentlemen at a coffee-house, near Temple Bar, one of them was to jump into seven feet of water, with his clothes on, and to entirely undress himself in the water, which he did at the time appointed.

May 24th, Child, the noted Miller, of Wandsworth, walked on Wimbledon Common, forty-four miles in seven hours, and fifty-seven minutes, which was three minutes less than was allowed, for a considerable wager and bye betts.

August 9th, Mr. John Hague, of Binns, near Marsden, undertook, for a considerable wager,

to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and performed the same in twenty-three hours and fifteen minutes.

September 1st, two men had a trial of skill in jumping, in the Artillery Ground, for fifty pounds each; one jumped through his hands tied together, ten jumps successively; while the other was allowed to take a run between each jump. The wager was won by the former, who was reckoned to do the most dexterous thing ever performed.

1763.

January 17th, a gentleman, for a wager of ten guineas, undertook to take up one hundred stones at a yard distant from each other, on the Serpentine river in Hyde Park, by skaiting, within the hour; which he performed in fifty-one minutes.

February 9th, a baker, in Whitecross Street, for a wager of one hundred guineas to ten, drew a weight of twenty pounds by a single cord, from one end of the mall in St. James's Park to the other, (the weight being placed at one end of the mall and he at the other) which he performed in twenty-four minutes—he was allowed half an hour to do it.

March 16th, a man, who sold fish about Chelsea, Fulham, &c. undertook to run from Hyde Park Corner to the seven-mile stone at Brentford, in one hour, with fifty-six pound weight of fish on his head, which he performed with ease in forty-five minutes. This was reckoned the most extraordinary affair that had been executed for many years.

About the same time a man, who was to run a coach wheel eight miles within an hour, performed it in St. George's Fields, in fifty-nine minutes and a half, on a platform of wood erected a quarter of a mile in length, and about two inches from the ground. There were many bets depending, and many persons of distinction present.

1763.

April 25th, a young gentleman walked fifty miles for a wager. He was to walk, and walk only, from Holborn Bars to the twenty-five mile stone at Redbourn, and back again in twelve hours, which he performed in less than the time limited, with ease.

May 30th, a person walked six times from Oxford Market to Putney, and back again (computed about sixty-three miles) in eleven hours and forty-six minutes, for a wager of thirty guineas, which was fifteen minutes less than was allowed him.

1764.

In May—at a foot-race on the Deptford road, by two tanners, the winner ran nine miles in fifty-two minutes.

June 13th, a young man, named Thomas Siddons, for a wager of forty guineas, undertook to hop sixty-eight yards in the Artillery Ground in twenty hops, which he performed with surprising agility, to the admiration of the spectators, having no more than twelve inches to the last hop.

1765.

June 26th, two mowers, near Wells, in Somersetshire, cut down four acres of grass, in an hour and seventeen minutes, for

a wager

a wager of twenty pounds, which they won by performing it only one minute within the time. Two to one againſt them.

Auguſt 5th, a lad of fifteen years old, apprentice to a carman in Whitechapel, eat at a public houſe, for a wager of two guineas, ſeven pounds of beef ſteaks, all ſolid meat, a quartern loaf, and drank two quarts of porter. He had two hours allowed to finiſh his ſupper, but devoured the whole in leſs than an hour.

September 30th, Thomas Scott, a peruke-maker of York, rode his own horſe from that city to London, in thirty-two hours and forty minutes, being 192 miles.

November 15th, a mare ſtarted from the Fox and Hounds, in Tottenham-Court-Road, to draw a ſingle-horſe chaiſe with a perſon in it to Lincoln, in twenty hours, but performed the journey with eaſe in nineteen hours and a quarter. The diſtance is upwards of 130 miles.

Mr. Welbank, of York, engaged for a wager of two guineas to drive his cow ſix miles within the hour; which he accompliſhed on the road leading to Tadcaſter, in about forty minutes, though the cow broke into the paſture where ſhe uſed to feed.

1766.

July 10th, one Dobſon, a lighterman, undertook for a wager of five guineas, to ſwim on his back from Weſtminſter Bridge to Putney Bridge in an hour and three quarters, without turning himſelf in the water, which he performed in nineteen minutes within the time.

1767.

June 15th, a match of cricket was played at the Artillery Ground, between eleven Greenwich penſioners, who had each loſt an arm, and eleven Chelſea penſioners who had loſt each a leg, which afforded much ſport to a great number of ſpectators, and was won with eaſe by the latter.

On Monday, July 31ſt, Joſeph Headly undertook, for a wager of 100 guineas, to run two meaſured miles upon Knaveſmire, within ten minutes, which he won by near fifteen ſeconds.

1788.

On the 20th of July, John Batty undertook, for a wager laid him of 100l. to 10l. to walk 700 miles on Richmond Courſe, in fourteen days, which he performed with great eaſe. He walked the firſt day fifty-nine miles; the ſecond, fifty-five and three quarters; the third, fifty-two and three quarters; the fourth, fifty-one; the fifth, fifty-one; the ſixth, fifty-one; the ſeventh, forty-three; the eighth, fifty-two and three quarters; the ninth, forty-four and three quarters; the tenth, fifty-one; the eleventh, fifty-one; the twelfth, fifty-four and a half; the thirteenth, fifty one; and the fourteenth, thirty-ſix and a quarter, in all, with the odd yards, 706 miles and three quarters, which was 442 times round the courſe. He performed it within five hours of the time appointed. Mr. Batty was in the 55th year of his age.

In

In August, William Shelton, a miller at Tuxford, walked six miles in fifty-eight minutes and a half, for a wager of two guineas; the time given was an hour. He was but a small-sized man, being only about five feet five inches high.

In September, Mr. Westwood, of Birmingham, set out at ten o'clock at night, on horseback, for London, and to return (full 220 miles) against time, (twenty hours) for a wager of 100 guineas, and was allowed as many horses as he pleased. He arrived in London at six o'clock the next morning, and reached Birmingham at four o'clock in the afternoon.

On the 23d of November, one Wild run over Knutsford race ground, four miles, for fifty guineas, against time. He was allowed twenty-two minutes, but performed it in twenty-one minutes and a quarter.

Ancient Method of HUNTING WILD CATTLE *in this Country.*

THERE was formerly a very singular species of wild cattle in this country, which is now almost extinct. Numerous herds of them were kept in several parks in England and Scotland: but they have been destroyed by various means; and the only breeds now remaining in Great Britain, are in the park at Chillingham-castle, in Northumberland; at Wollaton, in Northamptonshire, the seat of Lord Middleton; at Gisburne, in Craven, Yorkshire; at Lime-hall, in Cheshire; and at Chartley, in Staffordshire.

The principal external appearances which distinguish this breed of cattle from all others, are the following:—Their colour is invariably white; muzzles black; the whole of the inside of the ear, and about one third of the outside, from the tip downwards, red*; horns white, with black tips, very fine, and bent upwards: some of the bulls have a thin upright mane, about an inch and an half, or two inches long.

When they first perceive any person, they set off full gallop; and at the distance of two or three hundred yards, make a wheel round, and boldly come up again, tossing their heads in a very menacing manner: on a sudden they make a full stop, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, looking wildly at the object of their surprize; but upon the least motion being made, they all again turn round, and fly off with equal speed, but not to the same distance. Forming a shorter circle, and again returning with a bolder and more threatening aspect than before, they approach much nearer, probably within thirty yards, when they make another

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* About twenty years since, there were a few, at Chillingham, with *black ears*; but the present park keeper destroyed them; since which period there has not been one with *black ears*. The ears and noses of all those at Wollaton are *black*.—At Gisburne, there are some perfectly white, except the insides of their ears, which are *brown*. They are without horns, very strong boned, but not high: they are said to have been originally brought from Whalley Abbey, in Lancashire, upon its dissolution in the thirty-third of Henry the Eighth. Tradition says, they were drawn to Gisburne by the "power of music."

stand,

stand, and again fly off. This they perform several times, shortening their distance, and advancing nearer, till they come within ten yards; when most people think it prudent to depart, not choosing to provoke them further; for there is little doubt, but in two or three turns they would make an attack.

The mode of killing them was, perhaps, the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting. On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed on a certain day, the inhabitants in the neighbourhood came mounted, and armed with guns, &c. sometimes to the amount of an hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot, who stood upon walls, or got into trees, while the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd, till he stood at bay; when a marksman dismounted and shot. At some of these huntings, twenty or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued. On such occasions, the bleeding victim grew desperately furious, from the smarting of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy which were echoing from every side; but from the number of accidents that happened, this dangerous mode has been little practised of late years; the park-keeper alone generally shooting them, with a rifled gun, at one shot.

When the cows calve, they conceal their calves for a week or ten days in some sequestered situation, whither they repair to suckle them two or three times a day; the dams will not suffer any person to touch their young, without attacking them with impetuous ferocity.

When any one of these wild cattle happens to be wounded, or is grown weak and feeble through age or sickness, the rest of the herd set upon it, and gore it to death.

The weight of the oxen is generally from forty to fifty stone the four quarters; the cows about thirty. The beef is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour.

Those at Burton-Constable, in the county of York, were all destroyed by a distemper a few years ago. They varied slightly from those at Chillingham, having black ears and muzzles, and the tips of their tails of the same colour: they were also much larger, many of them weighing sixty stone; owing, perhaps, to the richness of the pasturage in Holderness, but generally attributed to the difference of kind between those with black and with red ears: the former of which they studiously endeavoured to preserve.—The breed, which was at Drumlanrig, in Scotland, had also black ears.

Advice *to all honest* Bucks *and* Bloods.

(*Continued from* Page 359, Vol. II.)

DEAR LADS,

I WILL now give you the conclusion of my friend's rules of advice to our much envied society, which, I flatter myself, will be of service to us all.—And first for the places of religion:

When you deign to visit a church, which I suppose will be seldom the case, except at your own wedding, or your grandmother's funeral—nod, smile, loll, stare, sleep, cough, wink, sneeze—in short, do every thing you can, contrary to the mode used by the more

more ſteady part of the congregation—convince them that your ſole and whole motive is to ſee and to be ſeen. In a country church—a gold ſnuff-box—paſte ring—ſcarlet coat, and opera glaſs, will do wonders.—Kick your ſhins againſt the ſexton; ſwear in an audable whiſper at the church-wardens, for ſtanding in your way; take a pencil and card, and appear to caricature the parſon; ſneer at the ſingers; give your dog a ſly nip, to make him howl; and tread full plump upon the clerk's toes, if he is old and rheumatic—and you can manage to puſh him down, accidentally on purpoſe, it would be moſt excellent fun.

At the theatre—enter as nearly as you can in the middle of an act—making a noiſe, ſufficient to let the audience know you are coming—throw your dirty boots over the benches—tear the ladies aprons with your ſpurs—and ſhake the candles on the cits in the pit—find fault with the actors—look ſullen at comedy—and laugh heartily at their floundering on the carpet in tragedy—ſally out when all are ſilent and attentive—clatter the box doors after you—take your money again—and make your exit in a whiz—dam me!!!

At a tavern—brand the tea with the epithet of ſloe leaves, and call the ſugar mere treacle—ſwear that the fowls are older than yourſelf—the turkey roaſted to rags—and the veal as raw as your ****. Inſiſt that the port is made from turnips—the ſherry from cyder, and the mountain mere ſugar and brandy.—Kiſs the bar-maid—kick the waiter, and throw the landlord's wig on the fire.—From hence you will be eſtimated as a ſharp cunning fellow, on whom it is impoſſible to impoſe.

In ſhort, by adhering ſtrictly to thoſe rules, and a thouſand others which your own obſervation muſt point out, in regard to your dreſs, manners, and converſation, you will no doubt, in a little time, have the pleaſure of being eſtimated by the quizzes and bores of ſociety, as an impudent coxcomb—by the pretty fellows and natty beaus, as a mirror of faſhion, eaſe, and elegance—by the blacklegs, rooks, and ſhakebags, as a complete knowing one—by the young ladies, as an agreeable gay rake—by the old ones, as a dangerous libertine—and by the generality of the world, as quite the

TIPPY.

Caſtle, Yarmouth,
1793.

New ROYAL GAME *at* CARDS, *called* CONNECTIONS.

THIS cheerful game, the invention of our Princeſs Elizabeth and the Ducheſs of York, is played as yet only in the firſt circles. The rules are as follow:

You pool guineas, and draw ſhillings; or pool ſhillings, and draw pence.

If four play, deal eight cards each; if three play, deal ten cards each—ſo that twenty-two or twenty-four cards are always left out.

The cards are played in the ſame manner as at whiſt, and have the ſame value, except that the trump never varies.

Diamonds are perpetual trump.

Firſt connection, the two black aces.

Second

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ON COURSING THE HARE.

EACH bard ſince creation firſt faſhion'd the earth,
Whether laur'at at court, or thro' woods run his race,
To the muſic of hounds gave a madrigal birth,
Or wrote ſome ſtrong ſtanzas in praiſe of the chace.

By Courſing—I ſing of the death of the hare;
In verſe ne'er recorded, tho' ſanction'd by Jove,
A ſport as robuſt as the chace, and as fair,
Which my ſtanzas, though humble, will readily prove.

When Ceres' rich gifts to the barns are conſign'd,
Each morn, ſoon as Phœbus engoldens the eaſt,
With greyhounds in front, and ſtaunch beagles behind,
Ruddy courſers ſet out—to prepare for a feaſt.

To the down's verdant margin they cheerfully hie,
Where, wrapt in coarſe woollen, they conſtantly meet
The flock's heavy guardian, whoſe nice watchful eye,
Had diſcovered poor puſs while aſleep in her ſeat.

Thence rous'd, the fleet dogs are ſet cloſe on her ſcut,
And courſe, in one minute, a long meaſur'd mile,
When ſpite of her turns, a dead period is put,
By death, to her ſweating, her ſpeed, and her toil.

Now ſportſmen elated, haſte on to the ſpot,
And ſave from her captors the poor bleeding hare;
Such the joys are of courſers, how happy their lot,
When, thus laden with ſpoils, to their homes they repair.

Not ſo 'tis with hunters who follow the chace,
Regardleſs of precipice, boſthill, or clime;
They ride a whole day, in rough Boreas's face,
And return, having kill'd nought—ſave horſes and time.

Since courſing ſaves horſes, and dangers, and years,
To Diana I'll heartily ſing till I'm hoarſe,
(To Dian, who ne'er without greyhounds appears,)—
"May courſers ne'er ſpeedily run out their courſe."

INSCRIPTION.

For the Collar of a Young Lady's Lap-Dog.

IS it not ſtrange, that ſuch a thing as this is,
Should ſteal from blooming Bella balmy kiſſes?
That ſuch a little limping cur ſhould ſip
The native nectar of her luſcious lip?
While many a ſprightly, many a penſive ſwain
Muſt ſigh whole years for one dear kiſs in vain?
Alas! what head that woman's heart can ſcan,
Who gives to DOGS the bliſs great Nature meant for MAN!

LINES

ON A LATE MARRIAGE.

FULL thirty years the nymph had been
A vot'ry of the Cyprian Queen,
To half the hamlet common:
Now bound in Hymenæal chain,
She looks on harlots with diſdain,
And MOLL'S AN HONEST WOMAN!

Of the laſt ray of beauty ſhorn,
Behold her to the altar borne,
On Love's laſt ling'ring legs:
Thus maudlin prieſts, at Bacchus's ſhrine,
In rites unholy waſte the *wine*,
Then conſecrate the *dregs*.

Nov. 9, 1793. S——Y.

A SONG.

A SONG

FOR THE ROYAL BRITISH BOWMEN.

Sung at their laſt meeting in Denbighſhire, on Friday, Oct. 4th, 1793.

SINCE cuſtom of old has call'd out for a ſong,
To follow the faſhion can never be wrong;
Tho' Apollo ſhould deign not his aid to infuſe,
The attempt ſtill is good, an attempt to amuſe.

The world all throughout, men were archers of old,
And, juſt as we do, took their aim at the GOLD;
Tho' we claim no invention, our boaſt is not ſmall,
We boaſt that our arrows are ne'er dipp'd in GALL.

No voice cries amidſt our convivial board,
"Your ſport does our death and deſtruction afford;"
For ſeldom does mirth or feſtivity reign,
Where no pang is felt, or where no hidden pain.

Not Diana herſelf ſhould preſide at our feaſts,
Who could find nothing elſe to ſhoot at but wild beaſts;
Who for CHASTITY'S ſake in the woods kept her court,
But CHASTER far CHASTER is our noble ſport.

Then the ancients themſelves ſo expert with the bow,
Would fetch down a MAN juſt as ſoon as a CROW;
There was that fellow too in revenge who let fly,
And as cool as you pleaſe, aim'd at "Philip's right eye."

'Twere endleſs to count all the archers of fame,
Who with different weapons take different aim;
In the annals of ſportſmen the Gameſter's well known,
Who a PIGEON ne'er ſees, but he marks for his own.

With his uplifted pen next the Satyriſt cries,
"Be it mine to ſhoot folly and vice as they riſe;"
Our wits muſt have BUTTS too for jeſting and ſport,
And ſo too have we—they are BUTTS o old Port.

Behold the proud victor returning from war,
Hear the echoing ſhouts that reſound from afar,
But amidſt his delights, ſee the tyrant grows pale,
While oppreſſion and anguiſh repeat their ſad tale!

But theſe feſtive pleaſures no canker deſtroys,
No guilty reflection OUR TRIUMPH annoys;
Our Laurels are wreſted from no conquer'd foe,
We claim Victory's wreath without STRIKING a BLOW!

Then hail ſacred INNOCENCE, Goddeſs divine,
Our Freedom, our Friendſhip, our Joys are all thine;
May our ſports be renew'd with the *year, and remain,
Till the ARROWS OF FATE ſhall the victory gain!

P.

ALAS, POOR HIGHFLYER!

HE deſerves the pen of an abler writer, but the only merit I claim is priority.—"Bis dat qui cito dat."

HERE LIETH
The perfect and beautiful ſymmetry
Of the much-lamented
HIGHFLYER;
By whom, and his wonderful offspring,
The celebrated TATTERSATL acquired
A noble fortune,
But was not aſhamed to acknowledge it.
In gratitude to this famous
STALLION,
He call'd an elegant manſion he built
HIGHFLYER HALL.
At theſe extenſive demeſnes
It is not unuſual for ſome of the
Higheſt characters
To regale ſumptuouſly,
When they do the owner the honour
Of accepting his hoſpitality.
A gentleman of the Turf,
Tho' he has no produce from the above
STALLION,
Begs leave to ſend this ſmall tribute
To his memory.

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* This was the laſt meeting for 1793.

HERE lies the *third** of the Newmarket race,
That ne'er was conquer'd on th' Olympic Plain;
Herod his sire, who but to few gave place,
Rachel his dam—his blood without a stain.

By his prolific deeds was built a court †,
Near where proud Ely's lofty turrets rise;
To this fam'd sultan would *all ranks* resort,
To stir him up to am'rous enterprize.

To *these three patriarchs*‡ the Turf shall owe
The long existence of superior breed:
That blood in endless *progeny* shall flow,
To give the *lion's* strength and *roebuck's* speed.
CAPT. SNUG.
Fairy Camp, *Oct.* 29, 1793.

THE WAGER,

A TALE.

A BUCK tow'rd Epsom took his way—
In summer-time as authors say;
But not far gone, a friend he meets,
Who thus his Buckship kindly greets:
"To the races do you mean to go?
"If such your plan, I'd have you know
"That you may now your labour save,
"By turning back—nay, don't look grave,
"For room or bed you cannot have."

At this the other looks full wise,
And, his chin stroking, thus replies—
"I care not—and I'll bet a crown
"That the best inn of all the town
"Shall lodge myself, and eke my beast—
"I'll e'en on dainties cheaply feast."
"Done—done (cries t'other) if it please you,
"To lose your money, I'll soon ease you."

Arrived at Epsom, Dick, of course,
Seeks quarters for himself and horse;
In the inn-yard he stoutly calls,
And thus, with voice of Stentor, bawls
"Here!—Hostler!—give my horse some drink"—
"Why, Sir, you must be blind I think—
"You see, we've not a jot of room—
"You must find out another groom."

But, on a sudden, it appears,
A deafness seiz'd our hero's ears;
"Then give him (he replies) some hay,
"For you know best, I dare to say;
"All's one to me I do assure you"—
"What? (cries the other in a fury)
"You beetle-headed fool!—your horse,
"For me, may range, and take its course."
But recollecting, that, if lost,
It might, perhaps, some money cost,
The which to pay he was not able,
He fairly lodg'd him in the stable.
Our hero coolly onward goes
To where strong steams assail his nose;
Follows the servants, carrying dishes
Of boil'd and roast-meat, fowls and fishes:
Here a select groupe dine together,
All knowing-ones—birds of a feather:—
He enters—one asks, "Sir, whom seek you?"
"Sir, (cries our hero, very meekly)
"I beg, my dear Sir, you'd be seated—
"Now, pray, sir—sir, do be entreated."
"He's deaf (says one) e'en let him stay—
"He'll not refuse his shot to pay."
So down they sat—and, dinner ended,
Deafness again poor Dick befriended;
For now a shilling he throws down—
"'Sdeath, Sir (cries one) 'tis not a crown
"Will pay your shot"—"Nay, Sir (says t'other)
(Tho' laughter he could scarcely smother)
"For my good fare I'm very willing,
"It can't be too much at a shilling."—
They try'd to make him hear in vain—
So Dick in peace march'd out again.

The hardest task was still to come,
How to procure a lodging-room;
But fortune still the bold befriends,
Nor quits them till they gain their ends.

A pan of coals, at night, he spies,
Whilst pleasure sparkled in his eyes,
Which Susan Chambermaid with care
Carried up stairs, the bed to air:
Dick follows cautiously and slow,
"Tripping on light, fantastic toe,"
Then cries "My dear, why where's my cap?
"Oh—you've forgot to bring't mayhap—
"Well, never heed—I'll do without"—
The other quickly turn'd about—
"The deuce is in the man, says Sue,
"Why, sir, this room is not for you"—
"Nay, nay—I shan't catch cold, I vow
"I've used my handkerchief 'fore now."
Down goes the maid, with pan in hand,
And gives her dame to understand
"How that deaf rascal (thus she said)
"Had got into the yellow bed,
"Which these two gentlemen, you know,
"Bespoke above two months ago——
"Besides, he's lock'd and barr'd the door."
"Oh, then (cries one) pray say no more;
"If that's the case, I would not venture,
"No, not for fifty pounds, to enter:
"Tho' I should like to force my way,
"Yet law, perhaps, might make me *pay*;
"And costs and damages would teaze me
"More than this rash exploit would please me."

So

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* Childers.—Eclipse.
† An elegant villa near Ely.
‡ Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer.

So ſpoke the *lawyer*—all agreed
No one the cauſe could better plead;
So, tho' with hearts of grief and ire,
On chairs they lay, before the fire.
When morning came, our hero roſe,
And with much glee put on his clothes,
Well pleas'd the buſineſs now was done,
And eke his wager fairly won.

His reck'ning paid, his breakfaſt o'er,
On his horſe mounted at the door,
The miſtreſs of the houſe appear'd
To bid ' good day"—a *ſound* was heard!
At which our hero cries, " well done!
" Zooks! madam, you'd make a charming gun!"

" Why, you deaf toad, (the hoſteſs cries
" With anger flaſhing from her eyes)
" Are you the man that could not hear
" A ſingle word?"—" Oh, never fear—
" There's nothing wrong—for ſurely health
" Should be preſerv'd—tho' e'en by ſtealth:
" And as to *hearing*—why—depend on't
" *None are ſo truly deaf as thoſe that won't!*

MARCUS.

Cheſter,
October 14th, 1793.

A DRUNKEN SONG.

BOY, who the roſy ſtream doth paſs,
Fill up for me the largeſt glaſs,
The largeſt glaſs and oldeſt wine,
The laws of drinking give as mine.
Still muſt my ever-thirſty lip
From large and flowing bumpers ſip:
Ye limpid ſtreams, where'er ye flow,
Far hence to water-drinkers go;
Go to the dull and the ſedate,
And fly the God whoſe bowers ye hate.

ANACREONTIC.

TO MARIA.

TIME alas, with rapid pace
Haſtens ſilently away;
Quickly fades the faireſt face,
Soon the fineſt forms decay.
Give me, dear girl, another kiſs,
Another bumper bring me boy;
Since life ſo ſhort, ſo fleeting is,
Snatch we the preſent, and enjoy!

On reading in the Papers that Louis XVII. was ſent to learn the trade of a cobler.

DUPONT, his blood-ſtain'd peers among,
Declar'd with atheiſtic tongue,
" No God the world controuls!"
Yet Capet, long in durance pent,
Is to a wretched cobler ſent,
To learn to *mend their ſoals!*

CAPTAIN SNUG.

On telling my friend Little Cambro, that a certain clergyman was lately married to a ſweet woman of the name of P—e, he immediately conceived this Epigram.

ALL parſons love pudding, I oft times have heard,
Aſſign me the reaſon, ſir, why;
For a worthy divine, has of late, on my word,
To a pudding preferr'd a ſweet pie.

CAPT. SNUG.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following verſes worth inſertion in your excellent Publication, they are much at your ſervice; they were made in conſequence of an incident which happened in the late Lord B——'s life.

THE bucks had dined, and deep in council ſat,
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat:
Up ſtarts his Lordſhip, to the window flies,
And lo!—" A race!—a race!" in rapture cries;
" Where?" quoth Sir John, " Why ſee the drops of rain
" Start from the ſummit of the chryſtal pane—
" A thouſand pounds! which drop with nimbleſt force,
" Performs its current down the ſlippery courſe!"
The bets were fix'd—in dire ſuſpenſe they wait
For vict'ry, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the ſaſh, unconſcious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering charms of life are ſhort!
How oft two joſtling ſteeds have ſpoil'd the ſport.
Lo! thus attraction, by coerſive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws—
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project croſs'd,
How hard their lot, who neither won nor loſt!

MOLE.